THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXXIX. No. 1006 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1950 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	673
BRITAIN'S ANSWER TO M. SCHUMAN	675
A DIFFERENT GERMANY? By Basil Davidson	677
LONDON DIARY. By Critic	677
YUGOSLAVIA NOW. By Alexander Werth	678
BELGIAN AFRICA. By Brian Barefoot	679
"CARRY A LETTER?" By Mervyn Jones	680
SCHOLARSHIP BOY. By Ruth Adam	681
SO THEY SAY . . . By Autolycus	682
CREDO. By Sagittarius	682
THIS ENGLAND	682
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	Page
First-hand or Second-hand? By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	682
Shakespeare Here and There. By T. C. Worsley	683
The Movies. By William Whitebait	683
Radio Notes. By William Salter	683
CORRESPONDENCE	684
From Kenneth Ingram; Archibald Robertson; T. Balogh; Norman Haire; Robert Browning; J. Stewart Cook; and S. K. Ratcliffe.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett	688
ON THE DEATH OF NIJINSKY. By Vernon Watkins	689
NIJINSKY. By Frances Cornford	Page 689
REVIEWS:	
The Strange Case of Liddell Hart. By R. H. S. Crossman, M.P.	689
Flaubert and Baudelaire. By Martin Turnell	690
Light on the Ghetto. By Mervyn Jones	690
Real, Subtle and Modern. By Rex Warner	690
Sharpening Up the Sixth. By John Newsom	692
New Novels. By John Richardson	693
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Edward Sackville West	694
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	695
CHESS. By Assiac	696

The Palmerstonian Touch

UNCONVENTIONAL diplomacy seems to be the order of the day. Having violated every precedent in his method of forcing his plan on to the Agenda of the London Conference, M. Schuman has been answered in kind. Though all the diplomatic proprieties were preserved in the Premier's statement in the House of Commons last week, Mr. Attlee's real counterblast had been launched in the policy declaration of the National Executive.

This document—as tough and uncompromising as the Schuman Plan itself—has the convenience that it is not a statement of Cabinet policy, but a Party document whose main line was agreed long before Mr. Schuman spoke. It was, of course, an accident that it was published last Tuesday; Mr. Attlee was probably not prepared for the display which it got in the morning papers and the violence of the reaction to it in France and America. In a new context, words have a trick of assuming quite different meanings. The present state of Anglo-French relations has undoubtedly given to the Labour Party's rather abstract discussions of Federal Union and supra-national bodies a disconcerting topicality. But this has its advantages. Precisely because it was composed before anyone thought of a Franco-German merger of coal and steel, the document reveals what Mr. Attlee, as leader of the Labour Party, really means without committing Mr. Attlee, as Prime Minister, to all its conclusions.

What emerges? The Labour Party has now publicly pinned its faith to Atlantic Union and expressly repudiated the concept, which Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevin both favoured two years ago, of a Third Force, mediating between capitalist America and Soviet Russia. This rejection of the Third Force is based on arguments of strategy, politics and ideology. Strategically, the Labour Party argues, the U.S.A. is essential to the defence of Europe; politically, Atlantic Union is compatible with Commonwealth interests whereas Western Federal Union is not; ideologically, the Americans are "more progressive" than the French or Germans or Italians! The Labour Party argues that the choice before it is either to buttress a weak and reactionary Western Europe by accepting its demand for a revolutionary sacrifice of sovereignty or to retain our special relations with the U.S.A. at the cost of European integration.

Once this dilemma is posed so sharply, it is not difficult to find strong "reasons of state" for preferring Atlantic Union. Mr. Attlee, of course, is not on principle opposed to sacrifices of national sovereignty: his readiness to accept them in relation to Atlantic defence proves that. He is not on principle opposed to the closest co-operation with non-Socialist States—after all the Fair Deal has not yet changed the structure of American economic power. What he is against is anything which irrevocably ties Britain into Europe and so weakens our special relationship with the U.S.A.

As we argue at length on a later page, the Prime Minister is correct in his view that the Schuman Plan, in its present form, is unacceptable to any British Government; and we share all his Socialist forebodings that it might well degenerate into a cartel. But was it necessary in order to meet these dangers to adopt so Palmerstonian a stance vis-à-vis Europe? Is the choice so sharp between Atlantic Union and a European Third Force? Can we afford to dismiss so abruptly the hopes which Democrats and Socialists throughout Western Europe have placed in European Union under British leadership? If the British Isles could be towed across the Atlantic and anchored off Long Island, the Labour Party's new ideological Anglo-Americanism would be more intelligible. But, despite the deliverence of Dunkirk, these islands are now, in terms of atomic warfare, part of Western Europe, and in terms of American strategy, an aircraft carrier. The junior partner in an Anglo-American alliance may, in fact, achieve less real independence than the leader of European revival and the mediator between the blocs.

The Enugu Shooting

The Commission on the Enugu shooting has produced an honest and candid Report. It states categorically that the affair which led to the killing of 21 Africans did not originate in Communism, but holds (though the Governor differs) that the Chief Commissioner erred in treating an industrial dispute as if it were political. Matters were brought to a head by a false report, spread by a "worthless and dishonest" trade union leader named Ojyii and repeated in the local paper, to the effect that £80,000 was being wrongly withheld from the miners. The Report regrets that the Governor's capable Labour advisors were not allowed to go into the mines and reassure the men themselves on the ground that to do so would be a "sign of weakness." Instead, the Chief Commissioner, who was ill in bed, and apparently seriously

out of touch with the situation, decided on a precautionary removal of explosives from the mines.

This operation, described by the Report as tricky, seems to have been badly planned. The Senior Police Superintendent, Mr. Philip, made what the Report describes as a serious "error of judgment" when he gave orders to fire on the crowd although, in fact, none of the men had any weapons beyond the tools of their trade. Tempers were "frayed" on both sides and that the crowd was excited is not denied. But that the intentions of the miners were not aggressive is clear from the fact that not a single policeman, armed or unarmed, was hit by any missile or hurt. The Report says that the statement made to the Chief Commissioner that the "police were attacked by a lot of armed miners" seems quite unjustified. On the other hand, the Senior Police Superintendent seems not to have been fully in control of his men since his order for three men to fire was interpreted as a general order for the police to shoot into the crowd. The Assistant Superintendent, Mr. Brown, is commended for knocking up the rifles of the police, thus probably saving many lives.

The question is whether either the Chief Commissioner or the Senior Police Superintendent was suited to his job. Admittedly, the task of introducing free and co-operative methods into West Africa, and preparing the way for the complete self-Government that has been promised, is a difficult and delicate one. It requires patience and understanding as well as courage. The conclusion seems to be that some of the officials lacked patience and the necessary understanding of the meaning of a trade union and, indeed, of the African mind in 1950.

Oder-Neisse Frontier

The important point about the Berlin Government's "official recognition" of the Oder-Neisse frontier with Poland, and their joint signature of an agreement with the Polish Government to that effect, is not the sentiment expressed but the entry of the Berlin Government into the role of an independent party capable of signing international political agreements. This has many implications of much significance. Not least is the assumption, now readily made by the Communist leaders, that the Berlin Government will now negotiate on certain matters in the name of the whole of Germany.

> There is no doubt (Walter Ulbricht said on this occasion) that the Government of the German Democratic Republic is already in the position, based on its equality of status with the Soviet Union and other countries, to make agreements on the exchange of goods for the whole of Germany; and that this exchange should be of such a kind as to ensure the supply of raw materials and food for Western Germany as well. We are convinced, furthermore, that the genuine feelings of many West German manufacturers and businessmen will be realised if the Government of the German Democratic Republic exploits its opportunities in foreign trade also in the interests of the West German economy.

Ulbricht had good reason for being thus convinced. There is now a steady flow of West German businessmen to Berlin in order to investigate the chances of trading with Eastern Europe. Although such trade is fettered and largely prevented by British and American controls, there is already a substantial "grey market" in exports to the East. According to a statement published in Washington on June 8, as much as 20,000 tons of goods a month is now being smuggled from the Bonn Republic into Eastern Europe. The Oder-Neisse line may be a bitter pill to swallow: yet is would be a great mistake to think that no jam is being provided to help it down.

The Failure of Reparations

The third annual report of the Inter-Allied Reparation Agency shows that next to no reparations have been paid by the three Western Zones of Germany. From May, 1946, when the American and British authorities—little more than a month after signing the March Agreement on reparations—stopped all reparations to the Soviet Union and Poland (although deliveries to other recipients began again after October 1947), until to-day, reparations have flowed out of Germany in a reluctant trickle. Thus the total deliveries of industrial capital equipment are shown by the Agency's report to be worth no more than 146,800,000 of 1938 dollars (or twice as much in 1949 dollars); the total value of German external assets seized is only 293,300,000 dollars, or a tiny portion of the known total.

Perhaps the full measure of the reparations failure may be taken by the following statement from the official *British Zone Review* of March 19, 1949: "Only 35,000 stolen machine-tools are likely to be restituted from an official total of 830,000 machine-tools located in the British Zone in 1946"; while "France, Belgium and Holland lost approximately 140,000 machine-tools (and) to their losses must be added those of Czechoslovakia and Poland for which no figures are available"—not to mention those lost by the Soviet Union. What is still more surprising in the Agency's final figures is the fact that the United States and Britain each received more reparations than any other single country. The United States, for instance, received 102,569,186 dollars' worth of reparations (mainly in German external assets), while Greece received 10,150,646 dollars and Czechoslovakia 11,177,432 dollars. Yet the United States has played a leading part in preventing reparations from being paid.

"In retrospect," concludes the Agency, "the original reparation programme still seems economically reasonable, and economically useful, and its original time schedule sensibly defined." The present situation in Western Germany suggests that this judgment, however unpopular with the State Department and the Foreign Office, is substantially correct.

New Deal in Tanganyika?

Dealing as it does largely with the period covered by the first annual report of the Overseas Food Corporation, the Select Committee has had relatively little fresh to add to an already sadly familiar story of miscalculation and failure in the Groundnuts Scheme. The factors responsible—inadequate surveys of soil and climate, failure to appreciate the magnitude of the problems of logistics involved, sanguine reliance on plant which, in conditions of world shortage, had to be bought second-hand—all these had been pretty well established in last year's Parliamentary debates. What the Committee does reveal is that, during the Corporation's second year, continuing capital expenditure has carried the overdraft to well over £30 millions without any appreciable revenue from sales, and that there is reason to doubt whether the chaotic accounting system which the Corporation inherited has yet been wholly straightened out.

This milk is spilt; and the appointment, now announced, of a Working Party to review the policy to be pursued at Kongwa suggests that Mr. Webb was not wholly convinced by Sir Leslie Plummer's forecast to the Committee that, by 1954, the Corporation would not require any more capital and would be making a trading profit. The inclusion in the Working Party of two members of the Tanganyika Government is, we trust, an indication that the whole conception of the scheme is destined to be revised, and that the emphasis will be shifted from hectic production of a single export crop to the general development of this backward area—under the ægis, perhaps, of the Colonial Development Corporation.

Engineers in Conference

Mr. Jack Tanner, presiding over the A.E.U.'s National Committee this week, put the case against concentrating all wage advances on the lowest-paid grades. He argued with force in favour of a new wage structure in engineering to provide larger differentials for skilled workers, who, when they are employed at time rates, at present fare ill in comparison with pieceworkers of much less skill. Mr. Tanner also denounced the high profits prevalent in engineering and suggested that consideration should be given to plans for sharing the excess over permitted dividend distributions between capital and labour. He did not indicate whether he thought the workers' share should be reserved for investment or distributed in cash—a material point, because the engineering employers' case against higher wages has turned largely on the need for retaining the high profits in the industry for capital development.

On the general question of a "national wages policy," Mr. Tanner said that projects for fixing the proportion of national income to be paid out in wages and the distribution between classes of workers would be appropriate to a Socialist society—but we were not living in such a society yet. He also referred to the help given by the A.E.U. to a Fabian Society research inquiry into the management of socialised industries. This work is still in progress; but an interim report, dealing mainly with joint consultation, has been circulated to the delegates. Mr. Tanner endorsed its recommendation that the way forward is to develop joint consultation to the fullest extent, leading to active workers' participation in management, and to create adequate machinery for training.

Britain's Answer to M. Schuman

WHETHER Great Britain should or should not become a partner in the Schuman Plan depends on a mixture of political and economic considerations. As Mr. Attlee said, it would have been quite wrong for us to commit ourselves in advance to what was not really a Plan, with its implications duly worked out, but a pig in a poke. When we can see what the French and Germans really have in mind, we can either come in or put forward counter-proposals of our own. But what we cannot afford to do meanwhile is to adopt a merely negative attitude. The Cabinet should now be considering what sort of supra-national authority Britain could accept, and what precise conditions must be attached to British acceptance.

As our decision will be bound to depend on a complex balance of considerations, it is very important that as many people as possible should understand what the relevant factors are. Let us begin with the purely economic aspects, as far as they can be isolated. The recent E.C.E. Survey of European steel prospects suggests that there is a danger that by 1952, if all present projects of construction are carried out, there will be a serious excess of productive capacity over prospective demand in the world market. These estimates leave out the production of the Soviet Union itself, but include that of its satellites; and they assume a continuance of the present restrictions on West German output. They add up to a total European capacity by 1953 of nearly 70 million metric tons, as against a prospective European consumption of 57 millions. At full capacity, this would leave 13 million tons for export to areas outside Europe, whereas total imports of all such areas in 1948 were only about 6¼ million tons, and the demand is estimated by E.C.E. as likely to *fall* to 5 millions by 1953, on account of the growth of non-European production.

These figures no doubt exaggerate in one respect the prospective surplus, because production over Europe as a whole is unlikely to be as high as total capacity. But on the other hand they take no account of the effects of increased output in Western Germany. As this has to be reckoned with, there is evidently a real danger of a massive surplus of output over prospective demand; and this, in the absence of increased markets, can lead only to one of two results—cut-throat competition between the British, French and German steel industries, or a revived cartel aiming at drastically restricted production.

Only a combination of two new favourable factors could avert this danger—first, a vast investment of American capital outside Europe for the development of the backward countries, *plus* the spending of most of this capital not on American but on European products; and, secondly, a big revival of trade in capital goods between Eastern and Western Europe. Neither of these alone would do the trick: both are needed to balance prospective supply and demand at a high level. Both depend on the Americans: the first on American willingness to invest—which in turn must mean government or government-guaranteed investment; and the second on the removal by the Americans of the existing ban on the export of steel and other potential war materials to Eastern Europe.

In default of these favourable factors, any combination of the European steel industries that involves an increase in permitted German production is bound to turn into a restrictive cartel. Even if the European steel producers, in fierce competition with the U.S.A., could recapture most of the Latin-American market—the largest net importing area—the gulf could not be nearly bridged; and the effect of such competition would be to drive the Americans into insisting on their overseas investments being tied to the purchase of American products. The plain and unpleasant truth is that there is no escape from the dilemma without a really big revival of East-West trade, because Eastern Europe is the natural outlet for most of Germany's steel, and, if this is closed, the Western European steel producers must either compete fiercely for a limited total market or restrict output by means of a cartel at the cost of giving up full employment.

Britain's Interests

Therefore, one outstanding consideration is whether the Schuman Plan will make for or against a resumption of large-scale trade between Eastern and Western Europe. There is, in hard reality, no chance that U.S. loans to the less developed areas will be on such a scale, and so untied to the buying of American goods, as to solve Europe's problem. Nor is there any chance of European steel consumption, which E.C.E. has estimated for 1953 at 30 per cent. above that of 1948, rising so much faster as to absorb the prospective surplus. Indeed, it may fall, if Marshall Aid is withdrawn in 1952, even if expenditure on armaments rises to a ruinous level in consequence of the programme of Atlantic defence.

Of course, staying out of the Schuman Plan will not avert the unpleasant effects on the British economy which the prospects connote. But the situation is clearly such as to cause us to think twice before abandoning the position we at present occupy as exporters to the sterling area. Equal access to this area at a time of cut-throat competition, or of cartel restriction, would leave Great Britain in a most unfavourable position. It is true that, at the moment, we are well placed, in consequence of devaluation, as competitors of other countries in terms of prices; but how long will this advantage last? Devaluation is a game others can play at; and so is dumping in competitive markets. Moreover, this question of our relations with the sterling area, and especially with the Commonwealth, has wider economic as well as political implications. Nor must we forget that one object of the Schuman Plan is to get cheap coking coal for Lorraine as a *quid pro quo* for removing restrictions on German industry, and that a combined Franco-German steel industry might be a powerful competitor in sterling markets.

The economic factors are thus highly complicated; and the political factors are not less so. It may be feasible for publicly and privately owned steel industries in different countries to work together in a cartel; but it is surely not feasible if the cartel is to be given complete independence of the national governments, with power to order them to shut down factories on which the life of whole towns may depend, and to abandon the full employment policies to which they stand committed to their electorates. If the Schuman Plan could really be expansionist and not restrictive, this problem would not arise; but can it be, in face of the hard facts? As a matter of political necessity, M. Schuman's proposed supra-national steel authority must be made responsible to someone, not for day-to-day executive action, but for *policy*. Presumably, the French and German promoters of the Plan would argue that this responsibility ought to be vested in a West European Parliament. But is Great Britain, in view of its Commonwealth and other non-European connections, prepared to surrender to a purely West European supra-national political authority the power to control its economic affairs? Could even a Conservative Government venture to do this, in its anxiety to restore capitalist predominance by invoking French and German, as well as American, aid? Can a Socialist Government possibly contemplate doing it, in face of the certain predominance of capitalist interests in any West European authority at present in prospect?

Breaking Down Sovereignty

This does not mean that we ought to stay out, either of the Schuman Plan or of measures to strengthen European political collaboration. But it does mean that *how far* we can afford to come in must depend on precisely what we are being asked to do. It is one thing to hold, as we do, that national sovereignty needs breaking down in the interests of world co-operation: it is quite another to erect in the name of internationalism a new sovereignty based on the political and economic unification of the limited area of Western Europe. Do our internationalists really want to add a third Leviathan to the two already in conflict?

There is no fundamental reason why this dilemma should not be resolved, on both the economic and the political plans, by forms of unity that will allow us to take any part in West European affairs without cutting our no less important international connections with the sterling area. It ought to be possible to devise for the control of the European steel industry an organisation that will be neither an irresponsible capitalist cartel nor a mere inter-governmental committee on the lines of O.E.E.C.—perhaps something modelled rather on the tripartite structure of the I.L.O., with its direct representation of trade union and capitalist groups, as well as of governments. It ought to be possible to work out lines of practical collaboration in Western Europe which allowed countries to take part in more than one supra-national grouping—a solution highly pertinent to the case of Britain with her Commonwealth connections. It ought, in short,

to be possible to find means of gradually superseding national sovereignty, not by concentrating it in a still larger Leviathan, but by breaking it up.

If these conclusions be accepted, it seems clear that a much more constructive response than has yet been disclosed must be made by Britain to the French initiative. Mr. Attlee's reference on Tuesday to "this valuable piece of European co-operation" may do something to allay the bitterness which many friends of Britain in Paris feel at what they regard as the chilly reception here of a forward-looking French project; but, if the deadlock which has so far been produced by the exchange of Notes between Britain and France is to be resolved, there is a strong case for the British Government's putting on paper a much more precise and *positive* reply to M. Schuman than it has yet vouchsafed. Such a reply, we venture to suggest, might run on the following lines.

What Britain Might Say

1. His Majesty's Government welcomes both the spirit and the aims of the French plan. It recognises that the proposal to bring coal and steel under regulation by a supra-national Authority is based on two principles:

(a) Any attempt by Germany's neighbours to curtail German sovereignty, while retaining their own unimpaired, is bound finally to fail. Unless Europe is prepared to see a revival of German nationalism, the German problem can be solved neither on the basis of national sovereignty nor by a purely Franco-German rapprochement, nor yet by full political union. Its solution demands the creation of new supra-national agencies in which Britain participates on equal terms. On the other hand, it is of vital interest to both France and Britain to ensure that such a union is fully compatible with their extra-European commitments, which, in the case of Britain, include not only the Commonwealth but the sterling area.

(b) The economic recovery of Western Europe, including Great Britain, cannot be stabilised so long as either (i) each nation is exclusively concerned to close its own dollar gap, win its own markets and preserve its own standard of living, or (ii) Western Europe, and in particular Western Germany, is excluded from the fullest access to the markets of Eastern Europe. Planned co-operation, therefore, must be substituted for cut-throat national competition, and East-West trade must be revived if Western Europe is to prosper and Western Germany is to be integrated within it. H.M.G. notes with pleasure M. Schuman's stress on the desirability of Polish participation, for instance, in any plan for pooling coal and steel.

2. While it must make clear that it rejects as utopian any proposals for political union, H.M.G. wishes to re-emphasise its full acceptance of these principles, which bind Britain more closely to the Continent, and in particular to France, than at any time in the history of our two nations. In considering the French Plan, H.M.G. has been exclusively concerned to see how far the proposed machinery realises these principles of Franco-British policy.

3. Before commenting on the detailed proposals, H.M.G. considers it essential to define the framework within which they should be considered. The ultimate aims of the Governments which participate must be to achieve such supra-national integration as will (a) strengthen the national existence of their countries and make them ultimately independent of foreign aid; (b) foster their social and economic well-being. If these aims are to be achieved, the participating nations must not only be imbued with this common purpose, but each of them must be equipped to fulfil it within its own territories. The sacrifices of sovereignty, which are implied in the French proposal, will give rise not to harmony but to acute and possibly fatal dissentions, *unless each nation exercises the controls of its economy necessary to maintain a full-employment policy, without which the proposal Authority would inevitably degenerate into a restrictive cartel.* In the view of H.M.G., the minimum controls necessary for this end are effective exchange control, control of imports and exports, control of capital expenditure and location of industry.

4. The acceptance by each participant nation of a Full Employment policy was not necessary in order to proceed with the type of integration begun in the O.E.E.C., in the Brussels Pact and in the Atlantic Defence Council. So long as integration is strictly limited to inter-governmental agencies and committees, with no executive power, or to such solely advisory bodies as the Strasbourg Assembly, each nation can adopt a *laissez-faire* attitude to the social and economic policies of its neighbours. But the situation is transformed as soon as it is proposed to set up a supra-national agency.

5. H.M.G. therefore proposes that the Conference, as the first item on its agenda, should discuss the conditions noted in § 3 above. If it were found that no agreement were possible, it would follow that the time has not arrived for establishing a supra-national Authority. It would then be necessary to revert to the slower type of integration begun in O.E.E.C. and the Atlantic Council. But, in the view of H.M.G., slow, inter-governmental integration, however unsatisfactory, would be preferable to an attempt to pool coal, iron and steel, which merely repeated the mistakes of the pre-war iron and steel cartel.

6. H.M.G. places special emphasis on the necessity for this first item on the Conference agenda, in view of the fact that the French proposal deals with coal and steel. If the proposal had been to set up a similar Authority in order to deal with civil aviation or even with the whole of transport, H.M.G. would not have felt itself bound to demand this preliminary agreement, since in this instance sovereignty would not be so vitally affected. But coal and steel are the material basis not only of the whole British economy, but of national sovereignty itself. The Authority which controls the price of coal and steel, and the wages of coalminers and steel workers, determines the price and wage level throughout industry. The Authority which either restricts or expands production of coal and steel determines thereby the general economic policy, and in particular policy with regard to Full Employment. For these reasons, H.M.G. is convinced that it would be unrealistic to begin discussions on the exact nature of the proposed Authority until the participating nations had assured themselves that the conditions for its success exist.

7. Turning to the precise machinery proposed in the French plan, H.M.G. accepts the principle that any supra-national Authority, in order to exert executive power, must be shielded from day-to-day interference by national Governments. It is, indeed, in accordance with this principle that the nationalised industries in Britain have been placed under the control of independent public corporations, subject only to Parliamentary control via the Minister. H.M.G., however, believes that it is not in accord with the democratic principle of public responsibility that a supra-national Authority should be responsible neither to national Governments nor to national Parliaments, nor to any form of supra-national representative assembly. It believes that it would be more in accord with democratic practice that the principal Executive should be responsible to a small body, composed, in accord with I.L.O. practice, as to one-half of Government delegates, one-quarter of delegates of employers, and one-quarter Trade Union delegates. This body should be the policy-making Authority, and the Executive should be the controlling organ which carries out the directives of the public representatives.

8. Unless the Authority is to have its own police force, it is clearly necessary that it should act through Governments. Governments, therefore, must have the power to impose the decisions of the Authority on their own coal and steel industries. For this purpose it would be necessary that the industries be nationalised or, alternatively, under Government control. If the Authority is to fix prices, for instance, then Government price-fixing must be established in each participating country. If the Authority is to plan future capital investment, then the participating Governments must be able themselves to plan and control capital investment. H.M.G. believes that the Authority will only operate successfully if coal and steel are publicly owned by each participant both because public ownership alone can ensure full public control and because, in the view of H.M.G., it is essential to a permanent expansion and improvement of economic life. But H.M.G. would be willing in the first stages to accept that each participant should exert a degree of control over its coal and steel industries equal to that exerted by the British Government at present over the British steel industry.

9. H.M.G. is hopeful that the French and German Governments will be ready and able to give the necessary assurances about their respective economic and social practices, which would make possible the inauguration of this first experiment in supra-national European integration. But if, after discussion, the participating nations feel that they are not yet ready for so drastic a step, H.M.G. is ready to discuss (1) how the existing structure of inter-governmental machinery can be used, in order to begin joint planning of coal and steel, and (ii) the establishment of a supra-national Public Corporation to own and manage the civil aviation of the participating powers, as a first step towards Europeanisation.

A Different Germany?

It is three years since I was in Berlin. Then, in that primeval time, the Kommandatura still persisted (though growing short of temper); the four Commanders-in-Chief still met together for a chilly exchange of disagreements from month to month; and the city itself, as beaten and bedraggled almost as when the fighting ended, had still about it the silence and inertia of defeat. As far as the impact of Occupation was concerned, there was little to choose between one Sector and another.

To-day, there are two distinct and separate cities in Berlin, each having its own administration, police, public services, customs, morals, literature, and currency. Within a few minutes in a car or along the electric railway, you pass from one social atmosphere to another, from strident "free enterprise" to a striving severity which should soon resemble "people's democracy"; and the shock of transformation is abrupt and unforgettable. Behind you, along the lurid and luxurious boulevards around the Kurfürstendamm, are the expensive shops, the news-stands stacked high with sexy literature, the monster placards of leering film-star faces, the neat umbrella'd cafés, the façade of prosperity and the silent fact of 300,000 unemployed. Before you, as you disembark from the S-Bahn at the Friedrichstrasse station, there is something entirely different—its difference underscored by the East Sector's being in any case the working-class end of Berlin.

The contrast between the embittered and embattled "business as before" of Western Germany and the stern and concentrated drive for social upheaval in the Soviet Zone can never have been more obvious than during the Whitsuntide festival of youth. From the Unter den Linden, at the sector boundary, Eastward through the Alexanderplatz and away into the woods of Wuhlheide, where the youngest children were having fun under canvas, the streets of East Berlin seemed flooded with young people in blue shirts and blue shorts or skirts. There were choirs and dancers, sports, unwearied sightseeing, some speeches, and a parade on Sunday which lasted for seven hours; and all this against a *décor* of flags and placards and slogans for *Peace and Friendship* which would have done credit to contemporary Warsaw or Prague. Several battalions of *Volkspolizei*, unarmed except for the revolvers of their officers, added a serious undertone which was doubtless interpreted in several ways. Two anxious little Western helicopters, hovering about above the Brandenburger Tor, were warmly saluted by the loudspeakers, and added greatly to the fun. "There's General Taylor up there again," the loudspeakers boomed, "let's hope he'll come down and join the fun." Back in West Berlin, the authorities assured each other, and anyone else who would listen, that "those poor young people," dragooned into Berlin, hadn't enough to eat, no proper sleeping quarters . . ."

"It's right back to the Hitler Jugend," declared the weightier of the 300 Western foreign correspondents.

"Though it isn't, you know, it isn't the same thing at all," a French correspondent remarked: "I remember the Hitler Jugend. They weren't like this. Why, I've been down there sitting with these kids for hours, and they were downright friendly." But this Frenchman was a coloured Frenchman: perhaps he had reason to know. Certainly, there was none of the atmosphere of hell and hatred which the Hitler Jugend had. It is fair to add that most observers in the West believe that the hell and hatred will come later.

The over-riding impression, none the less, is one of a conscious break with the past. Only here can you listen to politicians who say that the future lies with the young people of Germany, and that the mistakes of the past have to be fully and publicly reviewed, understood, and made good. A few months ago, a delegation composed of the Lord Mayor and Councillors of all parties of the City Council of Stuttgart (U.S. Zone) visited Dresden (Soviet Zone). When they returned to Stuttgart, they reported to their Council on what they had seen. "I am quite convinced," Councillor Stetter (Social-Democrat) said, "that in the East Zone they are doing everything they can, first and foremost, to improve the lot of the working people . . . The social conditions there are basically different from ours. These social changes in the East cannot simply be denied existence by closing our eyes to them." One way and another, the young people in the East are being systematically taught an entirely new and intolerantly revolutionary mode of thought.

Welcome it or fear it, this fact of change in the East is no longer in dispute in Western Germany. The contrast in economic conditions begins to have its effect. Manufacturers in the West are impatient to resume trade with the East; few of the controls imposed on the Bonn Republic are as much resented as those which curb Eastward trade. During 1949, many skilled workers and even a number of middle-class professional people such as doctors went from the Bonn Republic to the Berlin Republic. According to some surprising figures published early in May by the *Badische Neueste Nachrichten* (Christian Democrat) and other conservative papers in Western Germany, quoting what were said to be official sources in Bonn, as many as 100,000 "skilled workers, scientists, and artists" went to the Soviet Zone in 1949, while the continuing flow Westward was described as "mostly unwilling or unable to work."

A brief look at the cultural life of Berlin is enough to suggest why artists, at any rate, should "go East." The balance of artistic energy, skill, distinction, and opportunity seems heavily on the side of theatres and publishing houses in the Demokratische Republik. Langhof's outstanding productions at the Deutsches Theater in the week of May 21, for example, included Lenz's *Der Hofmeister*, Part One of *Faust*, Schiller's *Kabale und Liebe*, and Bert Brecht's *Mutter Courage* (with Helene Wiesel, said to be an unforgettable performance). Another East Sector playhouse, the Kammerspiele, had *Golden Boy*, Kruczkowski's *Die Sonnenbrucks*, Gorki's *Wassa Schelesnowa*, *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, *L'Avare*, and Calderon's *Dame Kobold*.

Economic changes are still at an early stage. It is a mixed economy. Publicly owned factories are only eight per cent of all the factories, though they produce 55 per cent of all the goods. The administration, though effectively in the hands of the Socialist Unity Party under Ulbricht and Grotewohl, is still a coalition with Christian Democrats and Liberals. Few of the boys and girls who romped in Berlin at Whitsun will have considered themselves Communists.

But things are changing fast, and a tremendous effort is being made, it seems, to ensure that the rising generation shall grow to maturity under radically different conditions. In the schools, increasingly reorganised on the comprehensive pattern, 80 per cent of teachers have come into education since 1945; children of workers and peasants are now said to form 35 per cent of all the students at universities. The "Ulbricht Youth Law," just published, gives priority in new building—and in the use of derequisitioned accommodation—to the foundation of schools, libraries, hostels, sports stadia, swimming pools, and so forth. A special publishing house for children's books is being founded; and some of Germany's outstanding writers—Anna Seghers and Johannes Becher for example—are now competing for prizes in the writing of books for children. In the Sangerhausen area, for instance, there are already 30 children's libraries with a total of 11,000 books. To all this bid for the support of the coming generation, Western Germany has yet to make an answer more serious than mere newspaper polemics.

Berlin, June. BASIL DAVIDSON

London Diary

MR. HAROLD VELDE, Republican Representative from Illinois and member of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, suggests that Agnes Smedley, who died last month after an operation in an Oxford nursing home, may have been "liquidated" because she was about to provide facts of use to his fantastic Committee! He does not refer to the fact that it was a gross slander by General MacArthur, for which the Secretary for War had to apologise, that deprived Miss Smedley of her livelihood and compelled her to seek refuge in this saner country. He admits that he has no title of evidence and he does not explain how the "Reds" contrived to give Miss Smedley and her doctors the impression that she had for years a duodenal ulcer, nor how they arranged for her not to recover after her operation. But if Mr. Velde is interested in evidence (which seems unlikely), I can offer him some. The last thing Miss Smedley did before going into hospital was to write me personally a long letter giving examples of the cruel and shameful effects which the present American witch-hunt is having on the lives of ordinary people. She quotes, for instance, a letter from a friend in America who writes to say that she dare not marry the man whom she loves and to whom she is engaged

because he is a civil servant open to attack by the Un-American Activities Committee and liable to be thrown on the scrap-heap if he is found to be associated with anybody with a dubious past. The extent of her own connection with subversive activities was that for a time before the war she attended some meetings of a Committee working for Spanish democracy.

* * *

The audience that applauded Michael Scott at last week's meeting at the Kingsway Hall and at the Conference on the "Human Crisis in Africa" that followed, seemed to me to represent something more than what H. W. Nevinson used to call "the stage army of the good." Potentially this movement has millions of supporters behind it; it already spreads far beyond those worthy souls who collect good causes in middle age as they did postage stamps earlier in their careers. The British conscience, puzzled and frustrated by the East-West complex, need not be troubled by issues of peace or communism when it protests against *Apartheid*, the division of South African people into first, second and third-class citizens, the denial of human rights to Africans who are, in effect, slaves, arrested at will, housed in barracks and hired out to White farmers who cart them about in wire cages and are permitted by the State to build private jails in which to punish workers who show signs of wanting to be independent human beings. On this cause we can all unite—and it is all the more necessary that we should, since South African Nazism is meeting with a response among potential Fascists in other parts of Africa and finding links, too, with Fascists in England. A European resident in Africa of a staunchly Conservative type said to me that in the Union to-day an African had no alternative but to become a Communist. I notice that official circles in the United States, where some progress has recently been made by Supreme Court judgments against Jim Crowism, are expressing alarm at the disastrous effects of South African policy on coloured opinion all over the world. In short, this is the Nazi movement transplanted to South African soil; it calls for the same kind of united opposition. Malan may yet revive a Popular Front not under Communist control.

* * *

A sure sign of the effort to get back to normalcy is the revival of advertising stunts. Sometimes all of us gain, as we do from the trade war over washing powders. Sometimes it is only the journalist—the natural target of the public relations man—who benefits. Take, for instance, the recent jaunt by a score of people from Fleet Street to Corsica. Up at six in the morning and back soon after midnight, they spent most of their day in the air. But they had time to lunch, take an afternoon dip in the Mediterranean, meet the local notables and inspect a holiday camp whose promoters had sponsored their trip. And then . . . ? Well, none of them could write a direct blurb for the camp, even though they were impressed by it. That would smack too much of the habits of the 'twenties, when many newspapers directly tied in news items with their advertising columns. But they could mention Corsica and, the logic runs, the seed is planted in the reader's mind. I think few people realise how much of this sort of thing goes on. After all, every seaside resort or every large undertaking has a P.R.O. whose job is seldom directly to secure free advertising. What they want is a mere "softening-up" of the public; then they can follow through with their own paid publicity. To-day the P.R.O. is becoming the hidden hand of journalism.

* * *

I know that the *Leader* was running at a considerable loss and that newspaper proprietors are not, as they say, in the business of Fleet Street "for their health." Yet I was shocked, in common with some other thousands of people not connected with the newspaper business, when I heard that the *Leader* was dead. Ever since it ceased to be a racing paper, it has suffered from some uncertainty of aim about the public it sought to interest. It did well with its first editor, Mr. Fenby, in spite of oscillations which I attributed mainly to changes in the proprietary mind. When Stephen Potter took over, the appeal of the magazine was more to the upper reaches of the middle-brow. With the next change of editorship, the paper, I thought, was finding its niche and settling down. If the proprietor had only been willing to hold on, I have no doubt that the magazine would have turned the financial corner before very long. As it is, a most promising effort to produce entertainment for a large public which is neither very silly nor very highbrow, has been allowed to fail. The reason? Mr. Hulton must have known that every pioneer in journalism must hold on, losing money, until he has found his public. Did he yield to the temptation to steal the *Leader's* paper supply for what looks, financially, a more spectacular success? A lamentable decision in my view. I doubt if the *Eagle* will long be noticeably different from the innumerable American "comics."

* * *

If Sir Michael Balcon is planning (as he may be) to make a film about the disappearing footballers, I can suggest a number of possible titles. Why not *The Road to Bogota*, *Footballers Galore*, or *The Centre Vanishes*? And surely Basil Radford and Naunton Wayne will be cast as bothered F.A. officials trying to stamp out this wave of body-snatching? The story of Mr. Flavell's departure from Prestwick on Sunday is pure scenario—the locked door, the dash for the plane, the face covered from the press photographers. There have been few more comic news items for months. I can understand that the football authorities are worried about the lures offered to star players by the Millionarios Club in Colombia. Footballers are underpaid here, and many are naturally willing to jump at a chance to put a nest-egg in the bank, even if a season in Colombia threatens their status at home. It may be, too, that Bogota is building up a team that will beat all comers: imagine a contest between the lackeys of the Bogota bourgeoisie and the heroic Moscow Dynamos.

CRITIC

Yugoslavia Now

I. Tito Turns West

NEARLY two years have passed since Yugoslavia's excommunication, and the quarrel between Moscow and Belgrade has, in this period, gone through several phases. First, Moscow hoped for a spontaneous overthrow of the Tito regime by the "healthy Socialist elements" in Yugoslavia. When, in the virtual absence of such "healthy elements", these hopes failed to materialise, Russia and her allies imposed on Yugoslavia their economic blockade. This blockade created serious difficulties for the Yugoslavs, and compelled them to revise their Five-Year Plan perhaps even more than they would have had to do, had they accepted the Cominform's criticisms. But, while cutting down their building, light industry, and agricultural mechanisation programmes, they showed determination to put through the greater part of their heavy industry, mining, and electrification plans, and, to do this, they had to switch their foreign trade over to the West. Their trade with the East having come to a complete standstill, they now do most of their trade with the U.K., the U.S.A. and Western Germany, the rest being divided among other West-European countries, South America, and the Middle East.

On April 27, Tito announced with satisfaction at the Skupscina that the trade with the East had been fully replaced by the development of trade with the West, and that a new "framework" had been built for Yugoslavia's future economic development. Yugoslavia's trade deficit over the last two years is estimated at about $90 millions, which have been covered by the two $20 million credits from the Import-Export Bank, the £13 million credits under the Anglo-Yugoslav trade agreement, and a variety of other credits. It is now reckoned by foreign observers in Belgrade that all these credits will have been pretty well exhausted by September or October, and the question arises: where is the next lot coming from, if Yugoslavia is to continue to "build Socialism"—with the help of capitalist loans? The World Bank, to which Yugoslavia recently applied for a new loan of $25 millions, has not, so far, been very enthusiastic.

On a long-term basis, Yugoslavia might be a "good" borrower; for there are many things the Yugoslavs can do in the near future to improve their balance of payments—*e.g.*, by increasing, with the help of their new equipment, their exports of minerals and timber. But various political considerations enter into the question whether Yugoslavia should, or should not, be helped. The impression in Belgrade is that the British Government is eager to stress its disapproval of the Yugoslav brand of "democracy," and is even said to have raised some objections to the last U.S. loan of $20 millions. The Americans, on the other hand, and, not least, Mr. George Allen, the new American Ambassador in Belgrade, are being "realistic" about Yugoslavia, and consider her a deserving case—if only because she is "peace-loving," not tied to Russia, and, in more ways than one, a source of serious embarrassment to

Moscow. What Tito is anxious to avoid—if he can—is asking for help which would necessitate a debate in Congress, for such help would inevitably be interpreted as "indirect Marshall Aid"—accompanied by political strings. The view prevalent among Americans in Belgrade, however, is that Tito will be spared such an indignity, and that ways and means will be found to see him through.

Tito's favourite argument, up till now, has been that trade with the West has saved Yugoslavia's independence and, indeed, her Socialism. The alternative was to submit to the Soviet Union, or else to abandon the Five-Year Plan. As things are, the Yugoslavs hope that they will still get enough credits in the West in order to carry out their (revised) Five-Year Plan fully. But even if these credits do not come up to the Yugoslavs' present expectations, they will still carry out as much of their industrialisation as possible, with the help of greater exports, now that the mines in particular have already been re-equipped.

Having travelled widely about the country during my present stay, notably in Montenegro, Bosnia, and parts of Croatia and the Voivodina, I have the distinct impression that economic and living conditions, though still poor, are undoubtedly better than two years or even a year ago. Belgrade is badly fed: for two months—in March and April—the meat rations in the capital were not honoured. Most people in Belgrade eat to-day in unappetising *mensas*, and grumble horribly at the quality of the *mensa* food, and at the very high prices in the "free market"—where nobody of modest means can afford to buy much more than a few vegetables. The explanation given is that Belgrade is over-populated, that transport is difficult, and, anyway, there are too many spivs and wasters in the city. And it is certainly true that in places like mining towns, where most of the people are "heavy" workers (and many are potential "Cominformists"), a special effort has been made to create much better food conditions, and also provide a much better supply of consumer goods. In other cities conditions greatly vary. In Serajevo, Dubrovnik, and Cetinje they are fairly good; in Titograd, miserable.

But while the distribution of food and consumer goods is uneven, the *per capita* consumption of food is higher than before the war. Hundreds of thousands who ate nothing but maize bread before the war, eat wheat bread now; the *per capita* consumption of sugar has doubled; and everywhere there is much more livestock than there was two years ago. The miserably under-nourished children I used to see in Southern Serbia two years ago have now become an unusual sight. In the poorer parts of Yugoslavia particularly, such as Bosnia and Montenegro, which suffered most from massacres and destruction during the war, building and industrialisation are going on all over the place, and the morale of the people is relatively high—except in some bad patches like Titograd, where the over-ambitious scheme of building a great new Capital of Montenegro has had to be more or less abandoned.

Even though the last Yugoslav election results may mean little in themselves, it is probably significant, all the same, that the highest pro-Government vote should have been in Montenegro, with Bosnia as a good second. These very backward areas are benefiting from industrialisation, better housing, education, and health services. The greatest opposition to the Government came from some parts of the Voivodina and such rich agricultural areas as the country between and Karlovac Zagreb in Croatia, where Maček influences are still strong, and where the opposition to collectivisation amongst the wealthier peasants is particularly fierce.

There are now some 6,000 collective farms, or rather, "producer co-operatives" in Yugoslavia, and it might be said that they have been "socially," if not economically, a great success in many parts of Bosnia, Montenegro, and Macedonia. The very poor peasantry have joined them willingly. In the richer parts of Serbia and Croatia, there continues to be strong opposition to collectivisation, and individual farmers have this year been "demonstrating" against heavy grain and food levies and other forms of pressure by sowing smaller areas than usual. This resistance might be partly overcome by a greater production of consumer goods, but these continue in short supply. The present line appears to be to "consolidate" such collective farms as have already been formed, rather than speed up the formation of more. There are still serious shortages to overcome before even these farms can yield anything like their maximum—shortages of plant, skilled labour, fertilisers, and good seeds.

The Government is concerned about these shortages, and is promising to speed up the production and import of agricultural machinery. At the same time, it is worried about the "passive resistance," especially in Croatia. But unless there is an unusually bad harvest (which, at the moment, seems unlikely), the reduced area under cultivation should not have overwhelmingly serious consequences; and, by next year, there will be new inducements to make the peasants work harder—and so on, and so on. So the argument runs; and when one considers that, in these last two years, Yugoslavia has managed to survive successfully the enormous difficulties created for her by the Eastern Blockade, the remaining difficulties seem small in comparison, and may even justify Tito's phrase that "the worst is over."

In suggesting that Yugoslavia is really better off trading with the West than with the East, and that Western trade provides a greater safeguard of national independence, the Yugoslav leaders tend, of course, to over-simplify matters. The suggestion that trade with the East was nothing but a liability cannot really be taken seriously. For one thing, that Soviet "exploitation," of which one hears so much, cannot be said to have impinged on Yugoslavia by 1948; and although, in terms of everyday life, Unrra help—an important psychological factor—was more important than what Yugoslavia received from Russia until the quarrel, the fact remains that Yugoslavia formed part of a fairly coherent economic system, and received from Russia credits amounting to some $85 millions. Most of these, it is true, were represented by army equipment, and by "services,"—such as the training of Yugoslav soldiers and students in the Soviet Union. For both, the Yugoslavs now say, they had to pay through the nose. These long-term credits will have to be repaid sooner or later; whether the Yugolsavs will deduct from them the $55 millions of Hungarian reparations that were cancelled without their consent remains to be seen. But in any case, Yugoslavia, as a result of her breach with the East, is now obliged to produce her own armaments—a heavy drain on her resources and her very limited skilled manpower.

However, the line taken is that, on balance, it was worth while breaking with the East; and, economically, it is said to be all to the good. Russian deliveries, one is told, were erratic and unreliable, while American deliveries are satisfactory, and in respect of Anglo-Yugoslav trade, "there are no complaints," as Tito said. Whether this economic partnership with the West can be satisfactorily maintained is, of course, Yugoslavia's big problem, second in importance only to the question whether she can maintain herself politically in Europe as a Socialist country, and one, moreover, waging a relentless war against "Soviet revisionism."

Belgrade, June. ALEXANDER WERTH

Belgian Africa

"THE three most powerful forces in the Congo," said the Scots missionary, as we sat drinking tea on his overgrown lawn overlooking the Congo River, while the flocks of parrots flew homeward overhead, whistling to each other long and low, like soldiers calling girls, "are the *Société Générale*, the Catholic Church, and the Government . . . in that order."

It is possible that some would allow the Government more power than the Church, but no one, the Belgians less so, all would question that the big monopolies, of which the *Société Générale de Belgique*, originally a banking firm, is the strongest and best known, are the most influential forces in the Belgian Congo. Not even in America, where the right of the small trader to free competition has always been recognised, is there a parallel to be found to the peculiar arrangements which are in force in the Congo. In this, one of the largest and potentially one of the richest of all colonial territories, four concession companies, all of them half-owned by the Belgian Government, yet all tributaries of the *Société Générale* and similar firms, possess and exploit nearly all the vast mineral wealth of the colony, providing for both their European and native employees public services, hospitals and housing accommodation. Each of these large firms is sufficiently powerful, if need be, to put pressure on the Government to alter legislation in the colony. The nearest equivalent, perhaps, would be the East and West India Companies that were founded by English and Dutch merchant adventurers in the early days of those empires—and it is not entirely fanciful to think of the Belgians as having reached that stage of colonial development.

The ramifications of this arrangement have

led to phenomena which are a little startling to anyone coming to the Congo straight from post-war Europe and social security. The *Forminière* company, for example, which owns the diamond fields (where 75 per cent of the world's industrial diamonds are found) is a subsidiary of the *Société Générale;* so is the *Cophaco*, one of the three large pharmaceutical firms operating in the Congo. Therefore, the medical staff of the *Forminière* may order drugs only from the *Cophaco* pharmacies. In Elisabethville, the Congo's second town, water, gas and electricity are provided for the inhabitants by the *Union Minière*, which in fact owns the town and everything that's in it. In Matadi, the principal hotel is owned by a building society. Another hotel is said to have been the property of the local governor, for whom it was an interesting side-line.

The set-up may seem a little shocking to those unfamiliar with the nature and purpose of a colonial empire, but it is perfectly natural to the average Belgian, to whom commerce is second nature. What does it matter if your favourite restaurant proprietor hands you a steep bill for an excellent dinner? When he comes into your shop to-morrow, you will be able to adjust the balance by over-charging a little on his purchases. It is the swings against the roundabouts; and as there is no vague sentiment about the Belgians (orders are again beginning to be given to German firms, who are able to offer "interesting" prices), everyone is satisfied; everyone in the White population is able to maintain a high standard of living; and most people have a glossy and bloated American car.

As for the native population, the attitude of the Belgians is here too extremely frank and logical. There is, to begin with, no nonsense about race equality, and I have yet to hear a good word spoken of Seretse Khama. The native is an inferior, addressed as "*tu*" by the White men whom he addresses as "*vous*," never trusted with any post of real responsibility, allowed only the minimum of self-government. Yet he is better off, materially, than anywhere else in Africa; adequately fed, provided with excellent hospital facilities, reasonably well housed and clothed, he has no excuse to grumble—unless, of course, he starts to think above his station. As any Belgian will tell you, the reason is that a well-fed native works better than an ill-fed one, that discontent, strikes and unrest are products of poor living conditions and lead to loss of profits for the white masters. So the native policy in the Congo is to provide all necessary services for the *noirs*, to permit the more reliable of them to "evolve" to such non-commissioned posts as clerk, laboratory assistant, engine-driver, but certainly not to risk the abandonment of the colony to its inhabitants, as occurred with the Eastern empires of the British and the Dutch.

Still, very real advances have been made in this country by Belgian enterprise and colonising effort. To the rest of the world, the Congo is a land of pygmies still, of swamps, vermin and heat; and few outside Belgium and her colony have been able to comprehend the effect of the rapidly developing airways, roads, medical services, industrial centres and modern cities, which are turning the Belgian Congo into one of the world's richest countries, comparable even to-day with the Argentine or Brazil. As is the case with the Soviet Union, the country could be transformed by the peaceful use of atomic energy and the aeroplane—both of which are available within its frontiers.

More significant even than the mere presence of riches is the evidence that is so clearly displayed of the Belgian determination to work them. Perhaps the biggest contrast between the Belgian Congo and the neighbouring French, Portuguese and British colonies is that the Belgian towns—and even the relatively remote posts in the bush—are full of the wives and children of administrators and colonists. A single man in the Congo to-day is a rarity; everyone has his wife and family out here for the full three-year term of his engagement; after three months leave in Belgium they all come out again. It is part of the policy of the Belgian Government to encourage white settlement in all parts of the Congo, and to give its settlers the *vie de famille* they knew at home—so everywhere you encounter fretful, pale toddlers and biscuit-complexioned school-children, looking absurd in outsize sun-helmets, but safely established in the Congo, a nucleus for the future Congolese who will be as different from the European Belgians as South Africans are from Englishmen.

BRIAN BAREFOOT

"Carry a Letter?"

LAST March, Captain Walter, R.N. (retd.), assumed the office of Commandant of the Corps of Commissionaires. He succeeded Lt.-Col. Walter, who succeeded Major Walter, who succeeded Captain Walter of the 8th Hussars, founder of the Corps. The family, though connected with the famous publisher of *The Times*, is an old military one, and the present Commandant is the first naval member of the dynasty.

The plight of the ex-regular soldier in the mid-nineteenth century was pitiable. Uneducated, untrained save for war, dependent on a miserable pension, he found himself rejected everywhere by employers, to whom the words "old soldier" were synonymous with "old soak." Napier wrote: "Nearly all, oppressed with wounds, disease and poverty, sure attendants on an old soldier's services, feel life a burden so heavy as to make them envy the lot of comrades who threw it off early on the field of battle." Kipling dramatised the situation with Sergeant-Major O'Kelly's appeal to "carry a letter." But when he wrote the Corps was already fighting the old soldier's battle.

It was in 1859 that Captain Walter set himself to break down the general prejudice and prove the suitability of the ex-regular for employment. By personal canvassing he found jobs for eight men, each of them one-armed. Then, with a flair for publicity worthy of a later age, he marched them to Westminster Abbey to give thanks for their good fortune. Others came to him for help. The Corps was launched. Walter, who ran it single-handed for several years, drew up its rules, designed its uniform, and introduced the word "commissionaire" from France.

It was tough going. Few of the early Commissionaires justified their Commandant's faith. One after another, he saw them losing their jobs, staggering out of pubs, filing into police courts. But, in the words of the Corps' history, "preferring to encourage the deserving rather than to rail at the failures, he worked doggedly on." Success, recognition and a K.C.B. came at last. By the 'seventies the uniform of the Corps, now a thousand strong, had become a badge of honour and a guarantee of reliability. Its triumph was assured when, in 1876, *Punch* apostrophised its founder in the following lines:

A happy thought that touched a generous mind
With strong desire the old soldier's fate to alter:
Such the good work, sore needed, that we find
Adding a lustre to the name of WALTER.

Hence the Commissionaires: a useful race.
We Metropolitans know all about them;
And, when we see some worn, true, fearless face,
Oft wonder how the deuce we did without them.

They have fought and bled; and war's a noble trade
When nobly waged beneath a hero's ken;
And, though we wish that war were never made,
Yet may we see by these that war makes men.

It made these veterans, to whose well-bred care
We trust to shield our ladies in their shopping,
Our letters, messages, nay cash, to bear,
Nor fear their fingering, dirtying, or dropping.

'Tis well that they whom battle's brunt and soil,
And discipline's hard test, prove worthy trust,
Should find retreats of honourable toil,
Nor in their evening lack a well-earned crust.

This their friend felt: PUNCH, for the public, thanks
One who before cold-shoulder did not falter;
And now promotes the Captain several ranks—
Henceforth Commissionaires' FIELD-MARSHAL WALTER.

To-day the Corps has 5,000 men, organised in ten divisions. London counts 2,000 of them. The organisation remains para-military. Offices are staffed by Adjutants, Warrant Officers, Staff-Sergeants and Commissionaires to do the humbler clerical work. There are no chattering females in the comfortable but rather musty headquarters in an alley off the Strand. True, a Lady Adjutant had been appointed in 1878, but in 1883 the post was abolished.

The office arrangements recreate the atmosphere one associates with the London of Sherlock Holmes. Messages are carried up winding stairs; visitors wait in black plush chairs with curved wooden arms; immense typewriters are music to the ears of veterans of machine-gun battalions; some of the telephones have separate ear-pieces; those of the staff who wear mufti incline to narrow trousers, check waistcoats and gold watch chains. But the Corps does its work efficiently. It remains self-supporting; for it has never been a charity, but covers the cost of administration and uniforms from the dues of the members. The virtue of thrift is still encouraged; the Founder's rule, requiring entrants to deposit £10 in the Savings Bank, remains in force.

In these days of full employment, when employers are making demands for labour

which the Corps cannot wholly fulfil, the main task is to find each Commissionaire the best possible job—one which will use the powers of initiative and organisation of the modern Quartermaster-Sergeant or Chief Petty Officer. For you are mistaken if you think of the Commissionaire solely as the man who opens taxi doors outside the Grand-Splendide or tells the queue at the Odeon that there are two three-shillings standing. Most Commissionaires are working as guards, receptionists, guides and trusted messengers at factories, exhibitions, museums, football grounds and other places too varied to list. It is a Commissionaire who ensures that the managing director of a steel works sees only people with appointments; who makes foreign buyers "at home" at the British Industries Fair. In these varied capacities earnings range from £5 to £7 10s.

Big shops and hotels dress their Commissionaires in their own uniforms, and the staff of the Corps have no quarrel with this, though they confess to an occasional twinge at the more garish greens and yellows. But most employers think that the uniform of the Corps itself "adds tone," and will pay ten shillings more to a Corps member than to a doorman entitled only to his normal clothes. The uniform has remained unchanged since the original plumed shako was abandoned in the first decade of the Corps' history. But now a problem faces the new Commandant. There is a rising demand for collars and ties.

Captain Walter expresses sympathy. The younger generation dislike the old-fashioned tunic; so do airmen and sailors, accustomed to ties or even freer neck-lines. But he has to consider the preferences of the large number of older men; there are nearly a thousand with more than twenty years' Corps service. "We shall have to see," concludes the Commandant, his gaze straying from the modern furniture of his private office to the bust of the Founder in the corner.

MERVYN JONES

Scholarship Boy

His mother always put him down at the corner of the street, so that the other boys shouldn't know they had a car. He never told her he boasted about it. It was the only thing he had to boast about, though it was a very poor second to Johnnie Harris, whose father had a removal van.

There were forty-one green spiked palings between the gate of the Primary School and the boys' playground. It got through a little time to count them, one by one. At the thirty-fifth spike there was a tree, and the boys were forbidden to go beyond it as they played. It was his refuge. When they chased him, he would run a few steps into the forbidden alley. The other boys didn't care to risk the strap, for the sake of scoring him off. But he had considered carefully, and feared the anger of the teachers less than the play of the boys.

"You must learn to play with the others, Stephen," his mother said. "They're every bit as good as you—even if they don't come from quite such nice homes. If you give yourself airs about being a class above them, it's no wonder if they're down on you."

None of it made any sense to Stephen. He had understood all right when his parents explained to him that, if he went to the Primary School, he could work for a scholarship and pay for his own education. He knew about money, because it was talked about a lot at home. But after that, the conversation got foggy. So far as he could make out, he wasn't to mind too much if the boys chalked rude words on walls. As a matter of fact, he didn't mind at all. To his way of thinking, provided the piece of chalk was your own, the rest was nobody's business.

He was appalled when the teacher called up three boys who had been chalking and struck them each three times with a leather strap. It sickened and fascinated him. He couldn't take his eyes off the scene—the firm sweep of the master's arm, the thudding smack as leather met yielding, living flesh, the sharp intake of breath and the sob that followed. Stephen felt himself go hot and sticky under his clothes. It seemed to him that life would never be quite the same again.

At morning recreation, the three boys showed their weals to the others. They got quite a crowd round them. Some force he couldn't understand drew Stephen to the edge of the crowd to join in the looking. It was the first time playtime passed quickly.

In the playground they didn't exactly play games. They chased each other about and jostled and knocked caps off. Frequently they formed a spontaneous circle to make fun of somebody. If a boy turned up in socks with patterns round the top, that would take up several playtimes, on its own merits alone. Stephen used to look at his own clothes, every morning when he put them on, with the most careful scrutiny, making sure there was nothing which could be constructed as comical. When the weather got really hot, his mother made him leave his jersey and vest off, and his thick socks. He argued with her in vain. All the other boys kept all their clothes on, whatever the weather. He was sick with suspense, all through breakfast and the drive to school. But he got off very lightly, with only one group around him first thing, chanting, "Mucky Stevie Brown, Came to school with his night-shirt on," and getting his feet stamped on, and mud on his shirt-collar. His mother never fussed about his clothes getting dirty. She said to his father that it wouldn't be fair on the boy to send him to a State school and still cling to bourgeois ideals about him.

The other boys' mums gave them a proper tanning if they mucked up their clothes.

Once they were in school, it was never so bad. He was quick at Arithmetic and the best reader in the class. If he pronounced a word wrongly, the teacher would say, "You should know better, Stephen, coming from a home like yours." On the other hand, it didn't do at all to pronounce certain words as his father and mother did, or else they would be repeated, in a high falsetto, for several playtimes to come, and would turn up again, days later, just as he had begun to hope the incident had been forgotten. He was beginning to pick up the accepted way of talking now, but it was tiresome getting corrected for it at home. Still, the worst his parents could do in the way of nagging was a thin, bodiless trouble compared with the other boys getting up against him.

He hadn't much hope, really, of ever becoming one of them, although on sunny mornings, when the playground looked cheerful and the boys were genial, he sometimes thought he should reach the point where they would ignore him before long. One morning, Johnnie Harris asked him what was the horse-power of his dad's car. When Stephen said apologetically that it was only eight, Johnnie told him about the van, and two or three others came up and listened. It was almost like a conversation. That evening, when Stephen's father asked him if he was making friends, he said there was one boy who was all right. His father said to his mother that the next generation wouldn't know what class meant, and that he himself preferred the chaps in the public bar to the fellows at the office.

Next day, in reading-class, Stephen read "basket" the way he pronounced it at home, instead of with a short "a" like the other boys. At dinner-time, they danced all round the playground after him, singing, "Little yellow ba-a-arsket," and Johnnie, who was a wit, sang, "little yellow ba-a-arsted." Stephen got his shins kicked and his head bumped, and someone tripped him and trod on his hand. He cried a little, but, contrary to his father's belief, tears were allowed among the boys without loss of status. Johnnie took a chalk from his pocket and wrote a comically appropriate remark about Stephen on the wall. He got a lot of applause and, willing to improve on a popular turn, added to Stephen: "Bet you are one, too."

"Go on, you don't know what it is."

Stephen, who had learnt all the facts of life from his mother and a modern educational textbook, along with an oft-repeated instruction that there was nothing in the least shameful or disgusting about the business of procreation, suddenly took courage and explained clearly how he did know.

There was a stunned silence.

In afternoon school, the master called Johnnie up and said he was going to give him six for chalking rude words on a wall. Johnnie whimpered and said it was Stephen's fault. He said Stephen had been telling them a lot of rude talk in the dinner-hour. The master was incredulous. Johnnie, heavily supported by his companions, gave facts and figures.

"Come up here, Stephen Brown." said the master.

Stephen's mother turned rather white when she saw his hand at tea. She consulted with his father.

For one incredulous moment, Stephen thought they were going to take him away from the school. Later, when they had calmed themselves down and got over it, he hardly felt disappointed. The hope had been too dazzling to be real. His mother put ointment on his hand, and his father let him help wash the car. And there was a whole fifteen hours before quarter to nine next morning.

RUTH ADAM

So They Say . . .

INEVITABLY, it has become one of the questions of the moment: what comes after Marshall Aid? And last Saturday, in a speech by President Truman at Columbia, Missouri, there came the beginnings of an answer. Surveying the problem at length, Mr. Truman forecast a continuance of spending by the United States on "constructive economic development abroad," and announced that the form that such spending would take after 1952 was being explored by his personal assistant.

In Saturday's national dailies this story had to compete with the Report on the Enugu shootings, and in many cases lost on points. *The Times* made Truman's speech its lead story, the *Daily Telegraph* made it the second lead (with an editorial), while the *Manchester Guardian*, although reporting it fairly fully, led with another American story: MR. MCCARTHY RENEWS THE ATTACK.

Of the "popular" dailies, only the *News Chronicle* (which made it the front page lead with banner headline: TRUMAN: WE MUST KEEP PAYING PRICE OF PEACE), treated the story as of any great importance.

The *Daily Herald* gave the President half a column on the front page, with a heavily facetious headline: DOCTOR TRUMAN PRESCRIBES HIS CURE. The *Daily Mail* gave him two sentences on p. 2—less even than the *Daily Mirror*. While the *Daily Express* ignored Mr. Truman with imperial indifference, the *Daily Graphic* considered the speech worth three sentences in its "Last Look Round" on the back page. Finally, the *Daily Worker* gave it one sentence on p. 3—well away from its front page lead: U.S. BOMBS SMUGGLED HERE —SECRETLY UNLOADED IN THAMES ESTUARY.

The following day the Sunday newspapers were presented with a related and, as far as they were concerned, a more relevant story—E.C.A.'s report on Western Europe.

Two Sunday papers unexpectedly made it their front page lead The *Pictorial* headed the story TAKE A PAT ON THE BACK! and began breezily: "Good news for a sunny Sunday . . . Britain is DOING ALL RIGHT in the fight for world recovery. . . ." The *Sunday Express* called it THE GREAT WORLD BOOM.

The most surprising treatment, however, was that of the *Sunday Times*, where I could find no mention of the story. The *Observer's* headline ran BRITISH OUTPUT RISES 10 P.C., that in *Reynold's News* BRITAIN HEADS FOR PROSPERITY, and the other Sunday papers either ignored the report or gave it a paragraph.

Points of Interest

Mr. Morrison's possibly historic "restatement of Socialism" at Perth last week has since been the subject of much considered comment, editorial and otherwise—particularly from the Right. But how much space did it get at the time it was made? *The Times* gave it half a column on its main news page, headed SOCIALIST FAITH REDEFINED; the *Manchester Guardian* covered it less conspicuously on p.8; while the *Daily Telegraph* did not report the speech at all. Nor did the *Daily Express*, the *Daily Mail*, the *Daily Graphic*, and the *Daily Mirror*. The *News Chronicle* reported Mr. Morrison's "ten points" fully, the *Daily Herald* even more fully (headlined THE NEW MODEL), and the *Daily Worker* almost as adequately—together with an editorial beginning: "Were we to take Mr. Herbert Morrison's speech at Perth seriously, we would believe that Britain is already under Socialism. . . ."

AUTOLYCUS

CREDO

[Outside Britain and Scandinavia there is no Government with a more progressive . . . programme than the present U.S. Administration. *Labour Party's National Executive statement.*]

Capitalism is a curse,
No creed could possibly be worse;
Social injustice, want and war
Lie at the Capitalist's door;
Class-conflicts flourish in a free
And uncontrolled economy.
It is the task of Socialism
To banish this anachronism,
Controlling by far-sighted courses
The play of economic forces,
And easing all industrial tension
By wisely planned State intervention.
All nations need a master-plan,
Excepting the American
Whose free economy is shown
Almost as solvent as our own.
This one exception proves the rule—
Bred in a Capitalist school
And wedded to the proposition
Of unrestricted competition,
America gives proof impressive
That Capital can be progressive
(In contrast to the Continent's
Non-Socialistic elements),
And Labour's just rebukes refer
To them alone, and not to her.
Though Capitalists are a scourge
Which Socialists are sworn to purge,
Though Labour spurns all compromise
With evils of free enterprise,
While Britain takes the Labour line
Protected by the dollar sign,
While full employment she maintains
From Capital's ill-gotten gains,
Approval shows no contradiction
Or loss of Socialist conviction.
The Socialist feels no ill-will
Toward Capital that pays the bill,
For Capitalist altruists
Are honorary Socialists.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Woodcock says "I'll flay him alive!" Only in *The People* can you read this inspiring message.—Advert. in *News Chronicle*. (J. Herick.)

The Duke can now stand on his head for some minutes and the Duchess squats upright on her haunches indefinitely.—*Sunday Pictorial*. (Jane Macindoe.)

"We derive our inspiration from God, but we are grateful to *The Times* for the strengthening of our convictions."—From the Bishop of Carlisle's Presidential address to the Carlisle Diocesan Conference, issued by *Church of England Press Bureau*. (Charles Fisher.)

Two minutes' silence was observed at Wellingborough Motor Club race in memory of people out of work because of the end of petrol rationing.—*Sunday Chronicle*. (J. V. Grant).

The Arts and Entertainment

FIRST-HAND OR SECOND-HAND?

THERE are those who maintain, with good reason on their side, that musical criticism has failed to move with the times. During almost any month of the year—so runs the argument—the B.B.C. programmes provide far more music which is new, neglected, significant, or otherwise worthy of comment, than the critic could hear if he went to a public concert every night in the week and twice on Saturdays and Sundays. For each concert-goer there may be thousands of radio listeners. And very often, owing to the notorious inadequacy of London's concert halls, the radio listener gets a more accurate impression of the score than he would have received "at first hand." In spite of all this, Mr. Dyneley Hussey's column in *The Listener* is the only well-known attempt to cover the voluminous and important radio output. The force of tradition is strong; and the London dailies will notice Lady Headlam-Morley's *Leonarda* because it takes place in a hall, while ignoring Alban Berg's *Lulu* because it takes place over the air. Perhaps I was guilty of a similar misjudgment last week, in turning out for Koussevitzky's first L.P.O. concert at the Albert Hall, when I might have stayed at home and listened to Hindemith's *Requiem*. It's not at all simple, I find, to make up one's mind about such points. On the one hand, to ignore the public event seems a kind of treason to the cause of living art; it is also a further acquiescence in the monopolistic cultural power of the B.B.C., which can be serious for a young musician who happens to be ill thought of by the selection committee. On the other hand, a major event remains a major event, no matter through what channel it reaches our ears: fifty live *Leonardas* will never equal one canned *Lulu*.

Among the few public concerts in London which yield nothing in enterprise even to the Third Programme are those conducted by Mr. Norman del Mar at the Chelsea Town Hall. He has a liking for elaborate late-Romantic or modern scores, which often fill the hall with more sheer sound than it can comfortably hold; but such physical discomforts, even when aggravated by a heat-wave, we gallantly ignore for the sake of the intellectual stimulus of the programme. It was certainly an odd experience to hear Rachmaninoff's *Isle of the Dead* played in a hot-house; the weight of orchestral apparatus obscured, in the circumstances, the rather slender interest of the material. And in Hindemith's 1939 Violin Concerto (here receiving its first London performance, with Denis East as the admirable soloist), the composer's *al fresco* "Town-Piper" writing for the brass sounded coarse where, in a larger and easier hall, it would have sounded fresh and brilliant. This concerto has many beautiful ideas and is richly inventive in device; but not until the first movement is over does the composer's imagination take continuous flight, so that the devices begin to flow spontaneously into one another, instead of appearing in isolated and premeditated blocks.

What made the concert memorable was the rare opportunity of hearing Benjamin Britten's early work (Opus 8), *Our Hunting Fathers*, which he describes as "a comment on man's relationship to animals—at once his enemies and friends." This song cycle for high voice and full orchestra was written for the Norwich Festival in 1936, and has had only one other English performance (a broadcast in the same year). In the 22-year-old composer we can recognise many of the traits that have since become familiar, as well as the absolute assurance of aim and certainty of technique that he has always possessed. On the first page we find that characteristic type of bare recitative, punctuated at intervals by a widely spaced and enigmatic chord, which we know

from the opening bars of *Lucretia*. This effective but rather monotonous element in his style is the result of tackling unsettable banalities by Ronald Duncan or extreme obscurities by W. H. Auden. Britten strikes me as an artist of another world from that of the ingenious Auden, just as Mozart was an artist of another world from that of the learned Metastasio. In the middle sections of *Our Hunting Fathers* he escapes from Auden's conundrums into three vivid seventeenth-century texts, which instantly liberate his nimble and lyrical talent. "Messalina" is a simple and touching lament for a pet monkey; but the most striking number is that called "Dance of Death." Here the composer seems to have been inspired by the long litany of proper names ("Duty, Quando, Travel, Jew . . . Minnion, Lemmon, Courtier, German") to invent a breathless, visually brilliant, and highly dramatic impression of the old English sport of hawking. The vocal bravura of this section was wonderfully carried off by Peter Pears, whose keen declamation set vigorous currents of fresh air flowing through the drowsy hall. DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

SHAKESPEARE HERE AND THERE

THE third play to come into the Stratford repertoire provided something of a theatrical occasion, Mr. John Gielgud and Miss Peggy Ashcroft coming together again after all too many years, in *Much Ado About Nothing*. The polished production, by Mr. Gielgud himself, is carried over from last year, though retouched in a number of places, and re-cast. Notably, Mr. Gielgud and Miss Ashcroft take over from Mr. Anthony Quayle and Miss Diana Wynyard as Benedick and Beatrice. Neither Miss Ashcroft nor Mr. Gielgud are, on the face of it, ideal for these parts. Miss Ashcroft is not a comic actress: she is, essentially, a romantic one; she catches, as romantic poetry does, the mood on the wing, the passing gleam or shadow in an atmosphere, catches it and embodies it in a series of memorable passages of acting. When later they come back to our minds, it is to *haunt* us, as a line of verse half-remembered may haunt us, carrying with it evocations of some special circumstances to which it peculiarly belongs. The part of Beatrice gives little, if any, opportunity to her particular gift. Miss Ashcroft moves beautifully in a fluttering bird-like way, which makes the famous "lapwing" entrance particularly appropriate. But something altogether robuster, grittier, earthier, would be more appropriate, a blunt comedy timing that would give the effect of rough repartee. Mr. Gielgud, for his part, has certainly brought his own comedy technique to perfection. His Jack Worthing, in *The Importance of Being Earnest*, has established a classic conception of the part in our time. But again, his comedy is the highest of high comedy, urbane and light, essentially of the drawing room or the arbour, not, like Benedick's, of the tents and the barracks —a kind of inter-male camp ribaldry.

How is it, then, that against these disadvantages the performance as we see it is so eminently successful? Partly it is a triumph of technical accomplishment on both their parts which is a pleasure to watch in itself. But mostly it is that, overriding everything else, they play so beautifully together, they set off each other's best points, call out in each other the highest art. They double the value of their individual performances and so carry us with them in their joint finesse that, though later we may reflect that after all they weren't really quite right, during the performance itself they perfectly succeed in persuading us that they are. The other changes remind us that this is one of the strongest all-round casts that we have seen at Stratford; and there is still Mr. George Rose to wallow and waddle through his vast dropsical Dogberry.

At Oxford the O.U.D.S. have been presenting *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in the New College garden. The good old play can hardly fail to please on a hot June night in the ideal out-of-doors, and the undergraduate producer has placed it all before us, plain, and unadorned, and allows it all to be heard. But he has missed the magic that might have been conjured out of the setting. It is curious to me, to see such gross underbidding in a producer, especially a young producer. Producers, especially young producers, more often overplay than underplay their hands. And it is for that reason that producers are among the more frustrated of artists. So many intractibilities, human and material, stand between the conception and the reality. Their ideal is subjected to so many other people's whims, deficiencies, idiocies and obstinacies; their perfectionism comes bump at every turn against unalterable mensurement, solid object, prickly fact. But Mr. Anthony Besch has been altogether too modest in his ideal here. He has evidently a battery of technicians at his command. He has an avenue of trees down one side, a grove sloping up a hill in front of him that might easily have been transformed into a fairy-haunted thicket. But all he has done is to light the bare foreground as if it were a stage and play the play out so conventionally upon it that his best scenes were not the fairy scenes at all, but the well-contrived and amusing quarrel between the mortal lovers. Still, as the daylight faded, the scene took on a beauty of its own. In the unequivocal sunlight, the vistas are too long for the slow entrances and exits to keep up their state, and the rapid ones to avoid the air of a scamper. The acting, like the production, is adequate all round without being exciting.

The Arts Theatre Club is celebrating its one hundredth performance under the direction of Mr. Alec Clunes; and London audiences are particularly indebted to him for many interesting presentations. This makes it all the sadder that Mr. Clunes' own production of *Macbeth* with himself in the title role and Miss Margaret Rawlings as Lady Macbeth, should be one of those most unfortunate occasions when almost everything that can be wrong is. And since, except for one moment in Mr. Michael Hordern's Macduff, I can find nothing amiable to say about it, I prefer in the circumstances to say nothing.

T. C. WORSLEY

THE MOVIES

"Odette," at the Plaza
"Dance Hall," at the Marble Arch Odeon

Three or four times a week, on my way to films, I pass the Cavell statue. Rarely can a more unappealing monument have been raised to human courage. Perhaps the sculptor was not wholly to blame: our propagandists, for whom patriotism is enough, had already so degraded this brave woman, that it may have been difficult to clothe her with honest emotion. There she stands, over her indestructible last words, a bleak, conventional effigy.

The recent war has at least spared us such afflictions in stone. Its heroines are too many for one to symbolise the rest; they died by the hundred, the thousand; and their memorial is in the stories of those who survived. Two such stories of women—among those that have come my way—stand out above others. One is Hélène Jeanty's *Certified Sane* (Sheppards Press); arrested for having harboured R.A.F. pilots in Brussels, she saved her husband, her son and herself by feigning madness, and this masquerade (which almost induced real insanity) she sustained through nine months of imprisonment and questioning by the Gestapo. The other story, that of Odette Sansom, revealed to us by Jerrard Tickell's *Odette* (Chapman & Hall) is even more remarkable. This attractive young Frenchwoman left her three children in England in order to return to France as a secret agent; she became indispensable to "the movement," saw the beginnings of the Maquis, and was caught; the Gestapo tortured her, pressing a red-hot poker against her spine and tearing out her toenails; she refused information, and for a year endured horribly in prisons and concentration camps. Her photograph, back among her children after the war, shows a young smiling mother who might have been no farther than picnicking at Henley.

This narrative, written in the third person and with the full collaboration of Madame Sansom (now Mrs. Peter Churchill), is in print as vivid, detailed and convincing as any that has come out of the war. To make a film of it was obviously to risk memorialising its central figure, if not with the dull dishonesty of a Cavell statue, then with the sicklier if less permanent contours of popular fiction. For, horrors apart, the familiar outline of the spy thriller was there, even down to its love story and its happy ending. In the circumstances the film *Odette* does very well not to engulf itself in treacly conventionality. Miss Anna Neagle plays the part simply, resolutely and with skill; and even though she may never quite approach the intensely quick human being of the book, her adventure moves us at times to tears. There are good performances by Mr. Trevor Howard and Mr. Peter Ustinov. Accents trouble. So does the background, which never achieves in itself the hard reality such a film needs. The Cannes sunlight breeding corruption, Annecy, Fresnes, Ravensbrück—that *enfer des femmes*, with shaven heads and pink tickets for the gas-chamber: a better director than Mr. Herbert Wilcox might have brought us here an overwhelming vision. But our better directors don't attempt such themes.

The background of *Dance Hall*—one of London's *palais*—is much the liveliest part of it; at instants the glee-goats nipping in, the speechless couple in a box while a spotlight slides about the distance, the factory girls, the band sentimentalising or monotonously jogging, do whirl together to a pattern; but not even harsh cutting can give a kick to the feeblest of novelettes. WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

IT is by now sufficiently well known that 1940 was Our Finest Hour, but just in case we should be in danger of forgetting it, the B.B.C. is presenting a series of four programmes with the general title *Ten Years After*. So far, we have had *The Miracle of Deliverance*. Pointless to lament the fact that the B.B.C. has no script-writer of the quality of the Hardy of *The Dynasts*. Two-thirds of *The Miracle of Deliverance* were as good as one could reasonably expect. The snatches of recordings, of news bulletins and of speeches, Churchill, Chamberlain, Haw Haw and so on, were as effective as they always are; they touched off all the associations of fear, bewilderment and apprehension that those incredible months carry with them. And Mr. John Snagge's personal reminiscences of life as a news-reader at the time were also good. So too were the reconstructions of the retreat to Dunkirk and the evacuation; indeed, these had an admirable vigour in which the note of criticism and of resentment was not suppressed; and besides, there was the childish pleasure one always feels at hearing even the more innocuous swear-words given the freedom of the air. But then there was the remaining third of the programme, the treatment of civilians, of the curious sense of relief generally felt after the fall of France. Most of this was simply embarrassing because of the inadequacy of the writing, the conventional comic types used: scenes in rustic pubs, working-class interiors—one felt that the script-writer's sole contact with these must have been through listening to, and perhaps writing, innumerable B.B.C. feature programmes. There was scarcely a moment that showed first-hand observation.

It may be that, in the absence of a Hardy, this method of reconstructing a great moment in history can never be successful; that it would be better to rely on a wholly documentary approach or on a wholly personal approach, like that of Miss Macaulay in her programme on 1913 in the *A Year I Remember* series. This, which took the form of a dialogue between Miss Macaulay and Mr. Leonard Sachs, was delightful. It was the programme, of course, of someone much more interested in the arts than in public affairs, and

it conveyed beautifully both the sense of vitality in the arts in that year, which now seems as remote from us as the other side of the moon, and the excitement that the young Miss Macaulay, up from Cambridge to visit the Russian Ballet, lunch with Rupert Brooke and hold parties in her Chancery Lane flat, felt in its presence. The illustrations were always apt and evocative: Mr. de la Mare and Yeats reading their own poems, and Miss Jill Balcon reading Brooke and de la Mare with an exquisite translucency.

Ibsen again. It is precisely for such productions as that of *When We Dead Wake* that one most values the Third Programme. Perhaps one may have the chance of seeing it on the stage once in twenty years. It is Ibsen at his most rarified and difficult, when it seems that the stage no longer satisfies him and he must return to poetry untrammelled by the naturalistic theatre. On a first hearing, I would not pretend to understand it; but it proved again how disastrous to our comprehension of this most disconcerting genius was the form Ibsen's introduction to England took, the emphasis on Ibsen as sociological playwright.

WILLIAM SALTER

"The Family Honour," at the New Lindsey

Given the conditions Laurence Housman's new play could easily have the sort of success enjoyed by *Yellow Sands* or *The Farmer's Wife*, though it is I think a much better play. Much depends on whether or not there's still a public appetite for theatre pastorals. It is a comedy of situations in which the piling of situations one on the other sometimes over-complicates the style and leads the author to recapitulate far too often. It tells a tale (time 1829) of three Colin Clouts who plot to trap their sister into a compromising situation with a passing guest in the Irish family mansion. A forced marriage will save the dowry, they argue. There is a second act with both victims locked in the bedroom which lifts suddenly—Laurence Housman has the trick of it—into emotion so simple and pure that the play becomes airborne and climbs. For the rest the humours of the situation are drawn out with bonhomie and grace. Honor herself, particularly as Joan Maude plays her, has charm, strength and theatrical effectiveness. Patrick Macnee plays opposite her, the stranger who is of course a rich English aristocrat, and if he doesn't end as a matinee idol or a film star or both, I shall have to eat my words. The rest of the cast is all Irish, a good team, which as time goes on will learn to collect the laughs with even more aplomb.

M. S.

"How I Wonder," at the Fortune

This is another of those American plays which put before us the dilemma of the Liberal caught in the Red Scare; in this case a Professor of Astronomy who is on the point of discovering a new planet, and who is also being offered the presidency of another University if only he will "behave," that is, not talk about his very newly formed political convictions. The author has added a new device: he brings on two extra-sensory characters, the Professor's Mind, a smart-alec young man, and the Professor's Conscience, a starry-eyed girl, German, for some reason. If, with such good material, the play fails to make its effect, that is because the author underestimates his audience. A play with a serious political theme must behave seriously, must pay the audience the compliment of supposing it to be reasonably adult and comparatively educated. If it is to fail, let it fail on the high ground of being too good for us, not on the low ground of being afraid of its good theme (we saw the same kind of mistake recently in the play about Jan Masaryk's death, *The Ivory Tower*). In its politics absurdly naive without seeming to be aware of it, in its humour corny, in its characterisation conventional, this is the kind of play which only does the cause of politics in the theatre a disservice. It was poorly acted with two exceptions: Miss Elizabeth Allan in the poor part of an a-political wife, who hoped to soften up the Trustees with caviare sandwiches, and Mr. Walter Crisham as the Professor's Mind: it isn't really his part but he showed up all the others by the amount he managed to work into it.

T. C. W.

Correspondence

LESS COLD WAR?

SIR,—May you prove correct in your estimate that "the Western world is looking for some way of arresting the Cold War"! I fear I am less confident. The American and British official mind seems to me to have hardened so decisively that no proposal which involves trusting the good faith of the Soviet Union to any extent has now the slightest hope of receiving serious attention.

Until recently I believed that public opinion in this country could be roused sufficiently to influence the Government. The fact that our present official policy is a gamble on desperately high stakes is so obvious that in normal times the public would realise its peril and take action to avert it. The present policy is a gamble, since experience shows—so far as I know, without exception—that an armaments race leads inevitably to war. It is a gamble for desperate stakes since Britain, as the American air-base, becomes on the outbreak of war the primary target for Soviet bombers, and atomic bombing of this country means little short of annihilation. There is no protection whatever from this catastrophe. Moreover, if Moscow decides to confine its tactics to "cold war" methods, armaments are no preventative. If American-British military strength were twenty times greater than that of the U.S.S.R., opportunities for Communist infiltration would remain unaffected.

One would have thought these realities were clear enough to stir public opinion out of its fatalistic acquiescence in the gamble. The emotional atmosphere, however, has become so tense that it has dulled the public mind. Must we continue to drift, therefore, towards the brink of national suicide? I doubt whether we can avert the drift merely by emphasising the peril of the situation. The solution lies not in a negative but in a positive approach, in the presentation of a policy which will require no change of faith on the part of those who rely on the security of armed force.

My suggestion is that those who are working for peace should concentrate their efforts on the demand that Britain should declare that she will only go to war if a Soviet armed attack is launched beyond Soviet frontiers. This means that we should refuse to go to war if a Communist regime were set up in Italy, France or elsewhere, and the immediate criticism which this proposal will provoke is that the Government would decline so to commit itself. That may be to take too pessimistic a view of British motives, but, in any case, the value of such a demand is that any government rejecting it would be drawn into the open. It would then be known, beyond any equivocation, that a dissentient State was willing to inflict the price of war on its people, not simply to defend itself from invasion, but in order to interfere with the internal affairs of foreign countries; and, so far as itself was concerned, to betray an ominous lack of confidence in its own political stability. If Britain were induced to give such a lead it would be the first gleam of light in the stormy international sky. If she refused, public opinion could hardly fail to recognise the significance of the refusal. We should then be admitting that we were willing to resort to war not only for defensive purposes, but for the aggressive aim of preventing the spread of an ideology of which we may happen to disapprove.

London.

KENNETH INGRAM

PEACE CAMPAIGN

SIR,—I gather from Critic's remarks in your issue of June 10 that the peace campaign is simply a Communist stunt, and therefore no real peace campaign at all, the reason being that Mr. Priestley and others are unable to discuss "Russian policies . . . with the same frankness as those of the Western warmongers" at its congresses. The answer surely is that the purpose of the peace campaign is peace. Discussion of "Russian policies" would be relevant to that purpose only if there were evidence that the Soviet Union were plotting military aggression against other countries. You yourself, however, and indeed almost every responsible statesman who opens his mouth on the subject, however critical of "Russian policies," admit that there is no evidence that Russia is plotting war. Indeed, only a bemused ignoramus could suppose that a Power which has lately had its most fertile lands and its principal industries devastated by invaders would deliberately plan a war in which that experience is likely to be repeated tenfold.

Very well. Since common sense shows that Russia is not plotting war, why is there a war danger? The answer, from which I see no escape, is that the war danger comes from that country which suffered no material damage whatever in the last war, and indeed was enriched by it; that country which for generations back has been ruled by monopoly capitalists, who now see their world dominion shrivelling before their eyes; that country which was the first to make the atomic bomb, and the first to use it; that country whose public men, alone of the public men of all countries, have actually advocated a preventive war; that country which has spent five years in building up bases thousands of miles from its frontiers, and with no intelligible intent except war; that country whose irresponsible press and radio have whipped its people into a state of hysteria in which they see witches in every university and flying saucers in every quarter of the heaven, making them putty in the hands of the first brass-hat who decides that the time has come to push the button.

Public Enemy No. 1 is war. The object of the peace campaign is to prevent *that*. Discussion of "Russian policies" is waste of time. The issue is not Communism; it is not democracy; it is not dictatorship; it is not the adventures of Mr. Kravchenko; it is not concentration camps; it is not the relative merits of judicial procedure in the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. It is whether you and I and tens of millions of human beings, perhaps half the world's population, perhaps all, are to be murdered by atomic lunatics in the name of "Christian civilisation" and the "Western way of life." Beside that everything else is irrelevant. To call the peace campaign "sectarian" because it does not waste precious time in argument about Stalinism and Titoism and Lord-knows-what is, I submit, to desert humanity at the most critical moment of its history.

ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON

UNEMPLOYMENT IN EUROPE

SIR,—Ever since the General Election strenuous efforts are being made by the Opposition to minimise or explain away the desperate unemployment in Germany, Italy and Belgium—countries which have all pursued the Tory policy of setting the people "free." The German crisis is blamed on the Russians and their satellites. It is said that but for the expulsion of Germans from their homes there would be no unemployment problem in Germany. No doubt the refugee problem has exaggerated the problem. But it does not explain the shrinkage in employment and vacancies. Nor can the Italian problem entirely be attributed to a high birth-rate. An increase in the number of registered unemployed (no one knows how many do not bother to register any more) of over a million in two years cannot be accounted for by this "theory." In the last few weeks the ingenuous suggestion was much publicised that the high percentage of Belgian unemployment in its turn was due to narrow scope and general laxity of administration of their insurance scheme. In point of fact unemployment in Belgium rose from some 50,000 in April 1947 to all but 95,000 in April 1948 and almost 220,000 in April 1949 and 1950 respectively. Last winter the figure surpassed 300,000. As in Germany and Italy, it is the result of a savagely deflationary policy dictated by need to lower mass-consuming power so as to be able to maintain the balance of payments without controls. No statistical ingenuity will conceal the basic difference between conditions in Britain, Holland and the Scandinavian countries on the one hand and the "Liberal-Catholic Bloc" pursuing a policy approved by the Opposition.

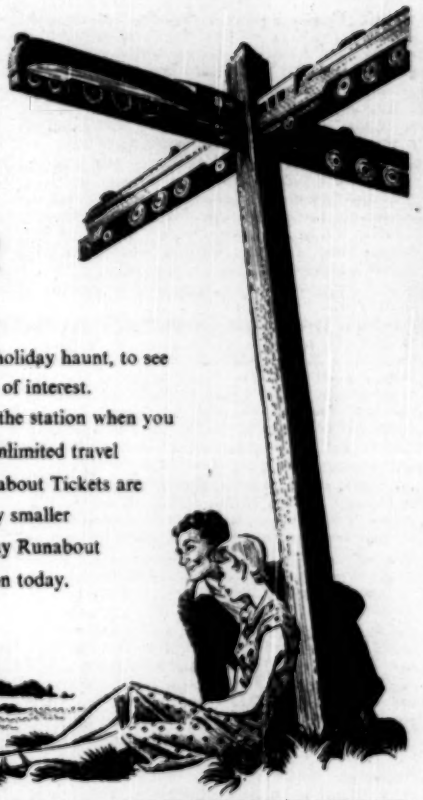
T. BALOGH

Balliol College, Oxford.

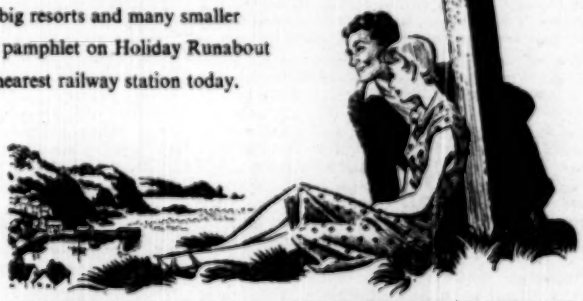
STERILISATION AND THE LAW

SIR,—C. H. Rolph, in your issue of June 3, starts off: "Whatever the law says, there are surgeons to-day who, in extreme cases, will sterilise a consenting patient for reasons additional to the accepted one of preserving the life or health of a woman unfit for child-

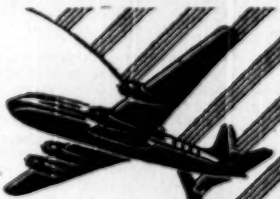
The way to see more for your money!



Here's a money-saving way to explore the countryside around your favourite holiday haunt, to see the beauty spots and visit all the places of interest. Ask for a Holiday Runabout Ticket at the station when you arrive and enjoy five to seven days of unlimited travel at greatly reduced fares. Holiday Runabout Tickets are available at all the big resorts and many smaller ones too. Get the pamphlet on Holiday Runabout Tickets from your nearest railway station today.



BRITISH RAILWAYS



To South America... the luxury way

You'll find how *really* enjoyable travel can be—when you fly KLM to South America. Only 42 hours, in perfect ease and comfort, with excellent free food and drink and the finest service in the world. Regular services to Recife, Rio, Montevideo and Buenos Aires.

New Reduced fares

London—Recife via Amsterdam, Single £194.13.0; Return £350.8.0. London—Rio de Janeiro via Amsterdam, Single £210.8.0; Return £378.15.0. London—Montevideo via Amsterdam, Single £237.10.0; Return £427.10.0. London—Buenos Aires via Amsterdam, Single £240.15.0; Return £433.7.0. Air Freight carried on all services.

Enquiries and reservations from all Air Travel Agents, or KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, 202/4 Sloane Street, SW1 (Tel: Kensington 8111) and at Birmingham, Manchester, Glasgow and Dublin.

KLM
ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

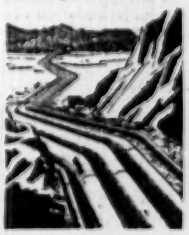
How fast can we roll out the steel?

A modern rolling mill can turn out continuous strip steel from white hot slabs at the rate of 2,000 feet a minute — faster than a man can run. By modern methods and skilled work the steel industry is constantly breaking production records.

HOW many kinds of steel does Britain make?

Hundreds of different kinds of steel are being made, each for a special purpose, by firms among the 500 in the British steel industry. Think of the complexity of an industry whose firms make everything from pipe-lines to hairsprings, from bridges to surgical instruments, for use all over the world. Steel manufactures account for nearly half the nation's export earnings.

WHERE do steel tubes tap desert oil?



In the Middle East thousands of miles of steel pipe line carry many million tons of oil every year through mountains and desert. Within the past year the British steel industry has won contracts for oil pipe-lines all over the world against world competition. British steel prices compare favourably with any in Europe or America.

WHERE is the trail of the Mounties?

In British Columbia, the steel industry has recently won a contract for rails to extend the Pacific Great Eastern Railway northwards. When the new system is complete, it will open up the vast resources of the Peace River country — at present without road or rail connection with the rest of the province — and save a journey by water of several days for freight. This is just another example of the steel industry's contribution to our export drive.

IN OUTPUT AND EXPORTS

STEEL

is serving you well

BRITISH IRON AND STEEL FEDERATION 56

bearing. What does the law say?" He goes on to answer his own question as follows: "There is a distinction between sterilising operations performed for the sake of the patient's health and those which are solely intended to prevent the propagation of defective children . . . in the latter case the consent of the patient, even if he were legally capable of giving it . . . would be no defence to a charge of mayhem."

What grounds are there for Mr. Rolph's assumption? He himself quotes Blackstone's definition of mayhem, which specially mentions that cutting off a man's "ear, or nose, or the like, are not held to be mayhems because they do not weaken but only disfigure him." He states that many great jurists held that one kind of mayhem, castration, was "an atrocious felony at Common Law." But sterilisation of the male, by cutting and tying the sperm-ducts, is not castration, and has no effects on the general health comparable with the deleterious effects of castration; and the same is true, *mutatis mutandis*, of sterilisation by operation on the egg-ducts of the female.

Quoting a remark of the 1934 Departmental Committee on Sterilisation that "there were obvious military objections to allowing a man to undergo anything which disabled him from begetting sons," Mr. Rolph points out that there are similarly obvious military objections to the permitted sale of contraceptives. I would add that there are similar objections to voluntary abstention from parenthood, on the part of any adult man or woman who is capable of producing sons who might later fight for the defence of their country, and this is true whatever the motive for the abstinence may be. If we follow this view to its logical conclusion, Roman Catholic priests would have to be considered atrocious felons at Common Law. Which is absurd.

No case of sterilisation, as distinct from castration, carried out with the consent of any adult of sound mind, who wishes to have the operation performed on him or her, has ever been considered in a British court. It is possible that a case may come up for consideration at some time in the future. It is possible, though I think it unlikely, that such an operation might be declared illegal on some other grounds, but I cannot imagine how any judge or jury could possibly decide that it could be condemned as a form of mayhem.

It is important that it should be clearly understood that *compulsory* sterilisation, or sterilisation of a person who, because of immaturity, insanity, or mental deficiency, is incapable of giving valid consent, might well be considered to be mayhem, unless a good and sufficient medical reason for the operation, existed. I have myself refused to sterilise a mentally deficient woman, who was brought to me by her mother, with medical certificates from her family doctor, her clergyman, and two medical psychiatrists of high status, all of whom recommended sterilisation, as the patient was, in their opinion, unfit to look after a child, and might even be dangerous to it. She was already pregnant, and they all recommended abortion on the same grounds. I refused, because, being mentally deficient, she was incapable of giving valid consent. But if any surgeon who sterilises an adult of sound mind, with the patient's consent, is guilty of a felony, I know of a very large number of surgeons, of the highest status, who qualify for imprisonment.

I must not be misinterpreted as suggesting that sterilisation, though lawful, should be carried out lightly or frivolously. A young man or woman may be quite convinced that he or she will never want to have any children, but circumstances may change, and a change of mind may follow, later on. A man may decide that he wants to be sterilised because his wife does not want children. But that wife may die, or the couple may divorce, and he may want to marry again, and the new wife may be anxious to have children. The same thing may occur to a wife who wants to be sterilised because her husband does not want children. These are not just theoretical possibilities—I have seen such cases in my own experience. Any conscientious surgeon, therefore, will consider well, and insist on the applicant for sterilisation considering well, before he agrees to carry out such an operation. But his hesitation should be based, in such a case, on ethical, not on legal, grounds.

NORMAN HAIRE,
Sex Education Society. *President.*

[C. H. Rolph writes: "Dr. Haire thinks that sterilisation, practised by a competent surgeon on a validly consenting patient, is lawful whether or not there is any question of preserving life or health. I think it is probably unlawful, and that the ancient charge of "mayhem" might be resuscitated to meet the case. (It is still alive: it was used during the war against a butcher's boy who cut off his fingers to avoid military service.) Castration, as I said, was once held to be mayhem, not because it disfigured a man but because it deprived the country of his sons. On what grounds would an operation having the same consequences be judged differently today? Dr. Haire's case, if I understand it aright, collapses at the opening of his fifth paragraph, where he betrays a total misunderstanding of "mayhem" by relating it to consent. The number of socially-compassionate surgeons who "qualify for imprisonment" on these and other grounds is a reflection on our criminal law, not on me."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

POLITICAL TESTS

SIR,—Mr. Max Beloff seems somewhat wide of the mark in his formulation of the two questions which have arisen over the refusal of the School of Slavonic Studies to renew Mr. Rothstein's appointment.

Whether Mr. Rothstein's scholarship is in fact adequate or not is a question for experts in his field to answer. But whether due care was taken to secure an impartial and well-informed estimate of his scholarship as a whole is one which every university teacher can ask and answer for himself. If he is dissatisfied on this point, then he is both entitled and obliged to protest at the manner in which Mr. Rothstein's appointment was terminated, without thereby subscribing to any particular view concerning his academic standing.

Now the head of Mr. Rothstein's department supported the renewal of his appointment; his departmental colleagues refer to him in terms of glowing approbation; his students give him high praise as a scholar and teacher. In face of this unanimity, one would expect special care to be taken before rejecting Mr. Rothstein. Yet the General Purposes Committee of the School of Slavonic Studies, it seems, did not ask Mr. Rothstein for any information regarding his publications prior to 1947, nor did it inquire upon what work he was at present engaged. This procedure would be enough to arouse disquiet in any case; it is manifestly absurd when applied to a man of fifty years of age, who has been writing and publishing for twenty-five years.

There is, therefore, no question of the appointments of Communists being treated as sacrosanct in spite of proven incapacity. What is at stake is the right of a University teacher to be protected against frivolous or inadequately supported accusations of incapacity, accusations which cannot fail to be interpreted by the man in the street as the respectable disguise of political victimisation.

It would be well for Mr. Beloff to remember that persecution usually begins with unpopular causes. When successive concessions of principle to expediency have weakened the will and power to resist, we may be presented with a case upon which we should all be prepared to make a stand without reservation. But by then it will be too late. Mr. Rothstein's well-known political views call, not for sophisms about bottle-washers, but for special vigilance, from those who value academic freedom.

Finally, Mr. Beloff rightly points out the necessity of raising the standards and scope of Russian studies in this country. It would be singularly unfortunate if the lectureship in Soviet Institutions at the School of Slavonic Studies became, in the eyes of the academic profession and the public at large, a kind of "hot seat," tenure of which depended upon the maintenance of a negative attitude towards the Soviet Union. I can think of few developments more harmful to the development of Russian studies.

London, N.W.6. ROBERT BROWNING

SIR,—The hue and cry about Mr. Rothstein in your columns becomes increasingly ridiculous. Mr. Rothstein held an appointment on a temporary basis for three years. There is nothing particularly unusual in a decision not to renew a temporary appointment of this kind. Such a decision does not necessarily imply any reflection on the academic standing of the individual concerned.

Those who accuse the academic body concerned of political bias in such a case are under an obligation to produce the evidence to justify their protest. It is not enough to produce elaborate encomiums in favour of Mr. Rothstein's scholarship, written mostly by people engaged in entirely different fields of academic work. The argument: "Mr. Rothstein is first-class academically; therefore the decision could not have been on academic grounds; therefore it is an act of political discrimination," is reasoning of the most puerile nature.

As a member of the Senate of the University of London, I have made inquiries and cannot find the slightest evidence to show that the Council of the School in question (a Committee of the Senate) ever discussed Mr. Rothstein's political views or that these views were even mentioned once during the discussions on this matter.

Some of us would be a little more disposed, perhaps, to give serious credence to the letters in your columns if we could recall similar protests by their signatories on the occasions of the purges in the Czech Universities or if we could be told of the existence in any of the Russian or Eastern "democracies" of a post in any University as a lecturer on British Institutions held by a scholar who is as ardent an advocate of social democracy as Mr. Rothstein is of Russian Communism.

Windsor, Berks. J. STEWART COOK

KATHERINE MANSFIELD

SIR,—Miss Kathleen Raine, in her review this week, refers to Gurdjieff's school as "the house where Katherine Mansfield died." This is not so; the mistake is continually being made. Katherine was near the end when she took refuge with Gurdjieff and his associates at Fontainebleau, but she was not allowed to die in the house. The facts are clearly indicated in her letters.

S. K. RATCLIFFE

Princes Risborough.

GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS

Cost of House Building

The second report of the committee of enquiry appointed by the Minister of Health is concerned particularly with changes in costs of building local authority houses between October 1947 and October 1949, and the possibilities of lowering the present price level. The factors analysed are cost of material, wage rates, size of house, productivity, design and specification. 1s. 3d. (1s. 5d.)

Ophthalmic Opticians: Working Party Report

Pursuing its policy of investigating factors affecting the cost of the various parts of the National Health Service, the Ministry of Health now issues a report on the average time taken to test sight by ophthalmic opticians. 1s. 3d. (1s. 5d.)

Prices in brackets include postage

H.M. STATIONERY OFFICE

York House, Kingsway, London W.C.2; 429 Oxford Street, London W.1 (Post Orders: P.O. Box 569, London S.E.1); 13a Castle Street, Edinburgh 2; 39 King Street, Manchester 2; 2 Edmund Street, Birmingham 3; 1 St. Andrew's Crescent, Cardiff; Tower Lane, Bristol 1; 80 Chichester Street, Belfast;
or through any bookseller.

What a dull world it would be . . .

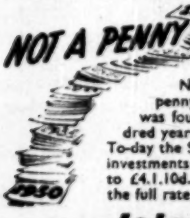
. . . . *if all shops sold the same frocks, the same coats, the same shirts, the same ties, the same millinery, the same hosiery, the same . . . . . ! But need we continue — The Wholesale Textile Distributor will continue to protect you from drabness, dullness and uniformity by making sure that the retailer has variety, style and choice to offer you.*

DISTRIBUTION WTA FOR THE NATION

is carried out by the members of The Wholesale Textile Association

THE WHOLESALE TEXTILE ASSOCIATION
75 CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

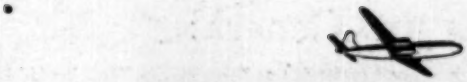
invest safely in
BRICKS and MORTAR
and get **2½%** Society pays the tax
This is equal to £4 . 11 . 0 gross.
No expenses on investment or withdrawal.
Write for full particulars
GRAYS BUILDING SOCIETY
(ESTD. 1880)
22 NEW ROAD, GRAYS, ESSEX
Branch Offices: 31 LINTON ROAD, BARKING, ESSEX & 4 WHEELER GATE, NOTTINGHAM (1 hr. C. O. Day)
Assets: £2,500,000 *Reserves:* £80,000



NOT A PENNY LOST IN 100 YEARS!

No investor has lost one penny in this Society since it was founded in 1850—one hundred years ago.
To-day the Society offers 2½% net on investments from £1 to £5,000, equal to £4.1.10d.% where tax is paid at the full rate.

Isle of
THANET
BUILDING SOCIETY
ASSETS EXCEED £7,500,000
HEAD OFFICE: RAMSGATE
LONDON OFFICE: 99, BAKER STREET, W.1



FASTER SPEEDBIRD SERVICES TO

South America

via Lisbon and Dakar

New, faster, more comfortable *Argonaut* Speedbirds cut flying time to the east coast of South America and over the Andes to Santiago. You actually save days of travelling time when you fly — *extra* time to do and see more on your business or pleasure trip. You fly without delay — swiftly and in pressurized comfort. Complimentary meals, no tips or extras.

GET THERE SOONER! STAY THERE LONGER!

From LONDON to	FLYING TIME	FLIGHTS WEEKLY	SINGLE FARE	RETURN FARE
Rio de Janeiro	1¾ days	3	£208 . 10 . 0	£375 . 6 . 0
Montevideo	1¾ days	2	£235 . 13 . 0	£424 . 2 . 0
Buenos Aires	1¾ days	2	£238 . 17 . 0	£429 . 18 . 0
Santiago	2¾ days	1	£253 . 3 . 0	£455 . 12 . 0

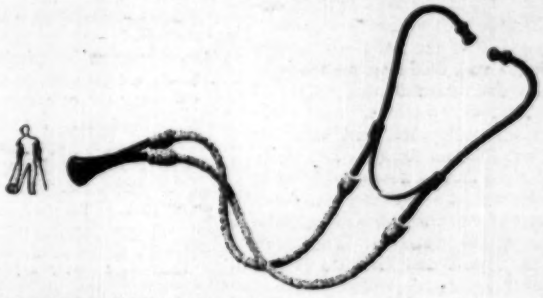
Also regular Speedbird services from London to Lima and Panama via Nassau and Kingston.

B.O.A.C. TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

Free advice and information available on request from your local B.O.A.C. Appointed Agents or B.O.A.C., Airways Terminal, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1. Telephone: VICtoria 2323. Early reservation advisable.

FLY BRITISH BY B·O·A·C

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION



DO DOCTORS TALK T.I.P

This has nothing to do with a National Bedside Manner. *All* doctors talk TI, whether they know it or not. For one thing, TI specialise in precision tube, which turns into useful things like waiting room chairs, hypodermic needles, operating tables, thermometer cases, delicate instruments, or intricate medical research apparatus. For another, TI supply oxygen and other gas cylinders, those versatile aluminium alloys, and special lighting and heating equipment. You probably race out for the doctor on a TI cycle, and your doctor hurries to your home in a car which is a moving catalogue of TI ingredients. Tell him when you catch your next cold . . .

The letters TI mean Tube Investments Limited, of The Adelphi, London, W.C.2 (Temple Bar 0271). They also stand for the thirty producing companies of the co-ordinated TI group, makers of precision tubes, of bicycles and components, of wrought aluminium alloys, electrical appliances, pressure vessels, paints, road signs, metal furniture . . . and essential mechanical parts for a thousand and one things which everybody uses.

TI THE SURNAME OF A THOUSAND THINGS

Books in General

WHAT is writing? Why do people write, and for whom? What are the present situation and duties of an imaginative writer? M. Jean-Paul Sartre's metaphysical essay* on behalf of "commited" literature, the literature that leads to social action, was published three years ago in France and has now been translated. It is a difficult, hectoring and humourless book, with more than a touch of grinding, German monotony in it; but it is also full of brilliant generalisations, one is forced to think hard, or as hard as one can, and there are few pages which do not contain suggestive and rewarding things. If nothing else, M. Sartre is a terrific machine.

In 1947 M. Sartre asserted that "commitment" was the only possible attitude for writers. What is "commitment"? It is not precisely taking sides though it probably will lead to that. A writer is committed who is fully conscious, to the metaphysical limit, of the historical situation in which he finds himself. "The writer is, *par excellence*, a mediator and his commitment is to mediation. To mediate he has got to know the extremes." Before tracing the course of this assertion three points can be made to clear the ground. First: if we cannot regard this doctrine as exclusive, we can see that it has been useful in producing some excellent plays by M. Sartre and, in the *The Plague* by Camus, an excellent novel. Perhaps the art came first and the theory afterwards. Secondly, the doctrine has completely outbid the crude Communist theories of the Thirties, has freed them and civilised them. And finally, M. Sartre's book is addressed chiefly to French writers.

I can suggest only the outline of a very intricate and (to me) confusing metaphysical structure. Its foundation is that "there is no art except for or by others." We write for a reader who completes our work; we write out of our freedom for his. The writer and the reader are inevitably marked by their historical environment; but they may not rest passively and fatalistically, making some corner cunningly for themselves. They must act in order to preserve or extend the general store of freedom:

> . . . although literature is one thing and morality quite a different one, at the heart of the aesthetic imperative we discern the moral imperative. For, since the one who writes recognises, by the very fact that he takes the trouble to write, the freedom of his readers, and since the one who reads, by the mere fact of opening the book, recognises the freedom of the writer, the work of art, from whichever side you approach it, is an act of confidence in the freedom of men. And since readers, like the author, recognise the freedom only to demand that it manifest itself, the work can be defined as an imaginary presentation of the world in so far as it demands human freedom . . . the moment I feel myself a pure freedom I cannot bear to identify myself with a race of oppressors.

That is admirably said. But the writer is a parasite on any society. He was a clerk in the middle ages, writing exclusively for clerks, preserving and transmitting Christian ideology for other specialists and for no others. He had no public. He preserved his conscience: "the good conscience of the medieval clerk flowered on the death of literature." In another authoritarian society, the seventeenth century, he was a parasitic moralist, holding the mirror from inside it, never going outside. In the eighteenth century the writer became free:

> What the eighteenth century writer tirelessly demanded in all his works was the right to practise an anti-historical reason against history, and in this sense all he did was to reveal the essential requirements of abstract literature. He was not concerned with giving his readers a clearer class consciousness. Quite the contrary, the urgent appeal which he addressed to his bourgeois public was an invitation to forget humiliations, prejudices, and fears; the one he directed to his noble public was to strip itself of its pride of caste and privileges. As he had made himself universal, he could only have universal readers, and what he required of the freedom of his contemporaries was that they cut their historical ties in order to join him in universality.

The invitations succeeded, but instead of establishing freedom he established a new class. (The dream of a classless society, in our time, has similarly established totalitarianism.) In the nineteenth century, the writer wrote on principle "against his readers" who were the new tyrants. He became at last the figure we know: "the guilty man who gives the élite its bad conscience, who moves functionally in opposition to the interests of those who keep him alive." In the total State he is liquidated and literature is dead, a function of government.

These brilliant historical generalisations of M. Sartre are the best part of his book. He has a dashing gift of diagnosis; it owes something to Marxism, but his superiority in resilience, range, sympathy and personal feeling is immense. Naturally, as a creative mind, he makes the kind of diagnosis which is going to help his own case and which the purely literary critic would not approve—he skips the details—and what are works of art but detail, not *blocs* of classification? For example, there is a very acute analysis of the case of the *petit bourgeois* writers who are nature's radical socialists:

> . . . These writers, who did not fight in the first war and who did not see the second one coming, who did not want to believe in the exploitation of man by man, and who rather bet on the possibility of living honestly and modestly in capitalist society, whom their class of origin—which had become their public—deprived of the feeling for history . . .

(They had not the historical sense of the educated upper class.)

> without giving them, in compensation, a metaphysical absolute, did not have a sense of the tragic in one of the most tragic of all eras, nor of death when death threatened all Europe, nor of Evil when so brief a moment separated them from the most cynical attempt to debase them. They limited themselves, in all honesty, to stories of lives which were ordinary and without greatness, while circumstances were forging careers which were exceptional in Evil as well as Good.

It is that "in all honesty," of course, which saves them; and although to be aware that we live in cyclonic times of violence, that war creeps closer like a fringe of fire all round our horizon, and to write, as M. Sartre demands, a literature of great circumstances generously conceived, is a realistic and noble aim, it becomes a danger to itself when it is exclusive. M. Sartre does not wish to wear the jack boots of the Commissar, he does not wish to walk in that ludicrous and stilted step on the straight and narrow path, or to swing because someone else in the Party has turned the straight and narrow into the primrose path overnight and secretly wants the boots off him. But he is in danger of creating a *Kampf* of his own. To the English reader, at any rate, the element of the ordinary in George Orwell's highly "committed" work is the guarantor of its humanity and civilisation. The world of violence in which we live is not solely the place of a privileged warrior caste of ideologists or metaphysicians, nobly, ignobly and often—it seems—eager for the anarchy that gives them their chance to fight; it is also the place of the victims, the ignored, involved against their will, escaping when they can—they often do—preserving their pockets of civilisation and drawing upon the profound and common bonds of private life.

What does "commitment" means precisely to the novelist? He becomes a Jansenist, a Puritan. The internal narrator or all-knowing witness vanishes from the novel. No Platonism, no detachment. Novels are to be peopled in plain style, with minds that are "half-lucid and half overcast," some of which may be considered with more sympathy than others, but none would have a privileged point of view. Characters are entangled in their evaluation of each other. There is no point of rest. "We want to drive providence from our works as we have driven it from our world." Beauty will be known by density not by form. And what is the novelist's public? A small one. Not the working classes to whom he cannot speak. It is the sick bourgeois of the better sort defending the great bourgeois conquests: "the universality of laws, freedom of expression, *habeas corpus*." Only through the non-literary forms of what are called "the mass media" can the working classes be reached. They were shut up (in 1947) in the Party. They have, of course, left it in large numbers since.

The nihilism in M. Sartre is the fruit of the occupation of France and the Resistance. These have made the negative and destructive side of his outlook. But it is also a manifestation of his positive energy as a writer. The sense of disaster lets in air, at least, on a literary scene where everything, as he says, was painfully regulated and taped. To the extent that his beliefs lead to novels of great circumstance, they can be borne in all their anguish; the danger that they will lead to journalism is strong.

And what, in any case, of the theory—so obvious on the surface—that art is for or by others? Some art is. Do we, originally, wish to communicate? I am not so sure. It seems to me that imaginative writing may be a self-

* *What is Literature?* By Jean-Paul Sartre. Translated by Bernard Frechtman. *Methuen*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

regarding act. I write to communicate with myself, to know what I think and feel and am capable of. I have many selves with whom to communicate. I have a "committed" self and one who is nothing of the sort. Writing is a collection of soliloquies. Writers and readers are people talking to themselves, and sometimes they happen to fall upon the same subject. The fatal thing, unimaginative writing, occurs when the writer begins to talk to others; he then has to cut off one or two of his own voices. Thus in times of violence, when it is impossible for the imagination to grasp all that is happening, the writer may legitimately decide to stick to what he knows, to what he can see on his own and not the public barometer. The public for imaginative writing is usually small, even when it deals with great circumstances; and there is no prescription for talent.

V. S. PRITCHETT

ON THE DEATH OF NIJINSKY*

That you should die at peace, all would have prayed.
That you should ever die, none would believe
Once, where the dance upheld you,
Winged, like a god, and creation's wonder.

Who fostered you? The grace of Mallarmé's Faun
Smiled; you brought to Gautier's perfection life.
Valéry dreamed, and waking
Saw in your dance his divine Narcissus.

Which of the gods did you most resemble? None
Could match your singular art. So lithe on the world
Your dance-fall, not even Orpheus
Could create such pause, such mysterious cadence.

Yet from an earlier myth, young before Greece,
Your fingers learnt the unspoken language of flowers.
Eloquence, gained by silence,
Rose to declare the eternal moment.

Yes, as Diaghilev saw, where your shadow fell
The centuries merged; your hands united the ages.
Taught by a deeper idiom,
Movement you took from the core of stillness.

Both light and shadow crossed your figures prescribed,
Yet you broke, like a fish, all nets of design,
Coiling distance, a dolphin
Doubled in dance, in a fountain leaping.

Glorious form, the fate of the greatly-endowed
Embodying, you incomparably we see
Dance, where the moving heavens
Answer Copernicus' pictures, dying.

In the cell of windows whose secret you alone knew,
Dark as your drawings controlled by shadow, there shines
A statement, cut by a diamond:
"I, when I am not loved, must perish."

Rhythmic demigod, prince of marvelling eyes,
Presence controlling their myths extended in space,
Dancing you wore, Nijinsky,
And dead you transfigure, the mask of genius.

VERNON WATKINS

NIJINSKY

The Muse Terpischore
Long, long abandoned me:
She left a vacant shell,
Possessed by dreams from Hell.

FRANCES CORNFORD

*The report on the Special Competition for poems on the death of Nijinsky will be found on page 695.

THE STRANGE CASE OF LIDDELL HART

Defence of the West. By B. H. LIDDELL HART. *Cassell.* 12s. 6d.

Sooner or later a historian will write a book with the title, "The Influence of Liddell Hart on Twentieth Century Warfare." It would involve a fascinating piece of academic detection. Mr. Liddell Hart's position as a military historian is undisputed, and no one can deny the journalistic talents of a man who earns his living by selling serious articles on military affairs to the British popular press. Mr. Liddell Hart is not content, however, to remain a scholarly historian and a brilliant journalist. Written off as a pacifist crank or a false prophet by every respectable British general, admiral and air marshal, he obstinately demands to be taken seriously as a military theorist; and he has contrived to influence defence policy at the highest level and in the most contrary directions. He was Mr. Hore-Belisha's one-man Brains Trust at the War Office, shared in his fall from grace, and then provided the arguments for Mr. Lloyd George's defeatism in the winter of 1939. Yet, at the very time when, in his own country, his theory of total defence seemed to be utterly discredited, he was being studied and revered by Guderian and Rommel, the practitioners of total attack; and Mannstein has stated that, whereas de Gaulle's writings on armoured warfare were pure mysticism, Liddell Hart's inspired his plan for the Ardennes break-through, which was scoffed at by the German Army Command and only adopted owing to Hitler's personal intervention. The influence of Mr. Liddell Hart is certainly worth studying.

Part of the explanation is to be found in his experiences during the first world war. Unlike most professional soldiers, he combines intelligence, sensitivity and articulateness; and he distils in everything that he writes the horrors of the Somme and Passchendaele, which he shared with those young professional officers on both sides who became the creative generals of World War II. To prevent the formation of another "land-locked lake," either by total attack or by total defence, is not only his obsession as a human being but the postulate of his military thinking. But he has not been alone in this obsession. If he always regarded peace-time conscription as an obstacle to the training of the cadres of a modern army, so did General von Seeckt, the architect of the *Reichswehr*. If he was a political defeatist in the autumn of 1939, so were von Fritsch, Beck and half the German General Staff—not to mention the French and Italians. There is a streak of pacifism in every intelligent European soldier whose character was shaped by the Western Front in the first world war. Confronted, as he must be in his profession, with the prospect of mass slaughter masquerading as the art of war, he is stricken with a kind of schizophrenia. Everything possible must be done to avert war; but, if war comes, the battle must not be engaged until power has been massed which will achieve the quick break-through and so prevent the casualties of the "land-locked lake." Tactical aggressiveness—the search for maximum mobility and fire power—struggles in his mind with a desire to avoid the issue altogether, to stay on the total defensive.

The unique quality of Mr. Liddell Hart's writings is that they fuse these conflicting emotions and concepts into a coherent philosophy of modern war. The soldier who studies them will be irritated by the author's egocentric mannerisms, and he must disagree with some of the conclusions, since they are often mutually inconsistent. But at least he feels that Mr. Liddell Hart is discussing his real problem. Here is an elegant and soldierly mind, at grips with the monstrous contradiction which total war presents to the civilised soldier. To be wrong about the right subject is better than shirking realities as most British and American soldiers seem to do when they discuss the next war. Browsing through the latest Liddell Hart, a Guderian or, for that matter, a Zhukov, will nearly always find some sudden and brilliant illumination which seems to offer the solution of a problem over which he has been brooding for years. So he forgets all the false predictions and pays tribute to the prophet who has had too little honour in his own country.

Defence of the West has some of the old kick, but this year's vintage is a little diluted. Despite its rather pretentious table of contents, the book is really a collection of articles and essays published over a series of years. Nothing, apparently, has been done to harmonise their inconsistencies or even to bring the figures up to date. In one chapter Mr. Liddell Hart favours British neutrality, in another a "Third Force" based on Africa, and in another Atlantic defence. These inconsistencies in the critic reflect, of course, the vagaries in the development of British defence policy since 1945. The Chiefs of Staff have never been permitted by the Cabinet to make a candid assessment either of our military capacity to sustain the commitments imposed upon them by the Foreign Secretary or of the effects of modern techniques, in particular the development of guided missiles, upon the defence of the British Isles.

Can Britain be defended in an atom war without a dispersal of the population of Greater London, carried out before the war? Even granted such a dispersal, could these islands be defended against an enemy in possession of the channel ports, or is Britain now in the fullest sense a part of the Continent with its last defensible strategic line on the Elbe? On what base should our Middle Eastern strategy be built? What is the role of colonial armies? All these questions, which the critic can freely discuss, the Chiefs of Staff have to evade. They must work according to directives which, for political reasons, remain dangerously ambiguous. This makes them an easy target for Mr. Liddell Hart. He might have treated them more fairly by expounding their predicament, instead of shifting his ground, as they have shifted theirs.

The only continuous threads of argument in *Defence of the West* are (1) opposition to conscript armies, (2) a demand for the strengthening of the mobile armoured warhead, and (3) a warning against a foreign policy which involves military commitments that cannot be made good in the event of war. On these three issues Mr. Liddell Hart amasses a formidable case against the War Office, and, indirectly, the Pentagon. It is no answer to ask what he would have done if he had been Minister of Defence. No one demands that a dramatic critic should be as good a playwright as G.B.S. before he has the right to criticise *St. Joan*. In the same way, Liddell Hart has the right to remain a professional military critic. He can toss off a contemptuous article on one of A. V. Alexander's egregious performances; he can find new facets of Napoleon's or Hannibal's generalship; and he can see Ghenghis Khan's armies as the prototype of the armoured division. That he makes no claim to be a general does not discredit him as a critic of generalship. The Germans, who take war seriously as an art, can appreciate this better than the British.

The most stimulating parts of *Defence of the West* are the chapters dealing with the might-have-beens of World War II. Here, where he is not indulging in the rather dreary routine of "War House Polemics," Mr. Liddell Hart is at his best. Mr. Churchill's excuse for the Greek campaign—that it delayed the German invasion of Russia—is quietly demolished. The German failure to take Moscow is traced to the backwardness of the *Wehrmacht* in the use of tracked vehicles; and the evidence of a number of German generals on Russian strategy, tactics and morale is soberly assessed. It is in the detached treatment of such subjects that Mr. Liddell Hart may well illuminate the thought of those practical men who are planning the defence and the break-through of World War III. Let us hope that, this time, his astringent influence will not be limited to our enemies.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

FLAUBERT AND BAUDELAIRE

Letters of Gustave Flaubert. Selected, with an Introduction, by RICHARD RUMBOLD. Translated by J. M. COHEN. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

My Heart Laid Bare and Other Essays. By CHARLES BAUDELAIRE. Edited with an introduction by PETER QUENNELL. Translated by NORMAN CAMERON. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

"Flaubert," said Rémy de Gourmont, "distilled the whole of himself into his books, drop by drop, down to the dregs. Outside them he is of very little interest; he is only dregs." It is over forty years since this judgment was pronounced and to-day it must rank among the curiosities of literature. For Flaubert is one of the celebrated writers whose letters certainly do not disappoint. With the exception of a selection from his correspondence with George Sand, this is the first time that his letters have been translated into English. The present selection consists of no more than a hundred and twenty-two out of over two thousand letters which have been published in French; but the editor has done his work well and has provided the reader with an excellent sample. He is right in saying that the main value of the letters lies in the portrait they give us of the man. The personality which emerges from these pages is richer and more varied than the personality behind the novels. We see not only the artist, but the lover, the traveller, the patriot who commanded the local militia during the Prussian invasion and, not least, the generous and warm-hearted friend. The letters are coloured by the famous *tristesse* of the novels, but they also possess a Norman gusto and a gaiety which are not found in the novels. "You complain," he writes to the young Maupassant, "that the female posterior is 'monotonous.' Well, that is easily remedied, leave it alone." The portrait of the artist naturally dominates the book. He speaks of the "Herculean" strength needed to write novels, and everything is remorselessly sacrificed to his own. "I have taken seven weeks writing fifteen pages," he says to one of his correspondents, "and they are still not up to much." He urges Maupassant to follow his own example of hard work and chides him for having too many "tarts." "Why," he asks Louise Colet, "why did you let yourself be hurt by a sentence which I had intended to convey the most unequivocal love that one human being can feel for another?" Was "unequivocal" really the right word? The letter goes on: "Oh, woman, woman, be less feminine! Keep your femininity for bed."

He does not by any means confine himself to personal observations and literary theories. There are comments on the problems of the day which are illuminated by a wisdom and an insight which may come as a surprise to readers who only know the novels. He realised at once that the Franco-Prussian war was not merely another nationalist war in the old sense, but that it was really the end of the Europe he knew. "Perhaps," he remarks, "there will be a return to racial wars, and within the next century we shall see millions of men killing one another in a single action. All the East against all Europe, the old world against the new." "It will be Prussia's turn next," he says prophetically, "and she will be eaten up by Russia."

The letters also contain a vigorous expression of his own political views. "Republicans of all complexions are to me the cruellest pedagogues in the world, with their dreams of organisation, legislation, and a monastically rigid society." "I hate all despotism," he proclaims in another letter. "I am a fervent liberal. That is why socialism strikes me as a pedagogic horror, which will be the death of all art and all morality." He was the devoted friend of George Sand, but he had no use for her "progressive" views and told her so:

> I am rather cross with you for saying, in one of your earlier letters, that you are in favour of *compulsory* education for all. I loathe everything compulsory, all laws, governments and regulations. . . . It will no longer be a despot that oppresses the individual, but the masses, the public safety, the state that is always right, the universal catch-word, Robespierre's maxim. I prefer the desert, and I shall return to the Bedouins who are free.

His problem was the same as Stendhal's and Baudelaire's. It was the problem of the artist in a changing society. The outlook of all three of them was essentially aristocratic and anti-democratic. Stendhal called himself a republican, but he disliked other republicans as much as Flaubert. "I desire the happiness of the people with all my heart," he said, "but I think I would rather spend a fortnight of each month in prison than have to live with shopkeepers." Flaubert would have approved wholeheartedly of this as he must have approved wholeheartedly of Baudelaire's plea for an "exclusive caste" of artists and his horror of "the rising tide of democracy" which fitted in very well with his own desire for "a government by mandarins."

"Among modern prose-writers he stands in the front rank," writes Mr. Quennell in his perceptive introduction to the selections from Baudelaire's prose. His greatness as a prose-writer is illustrated by the splendid essay on Constantin Guys, *The Poem of Hashish*, nineteen of the short prose-poems, the journals and the notes on Belgium. No selection will satisfy all readers and it may appear ungrateful to ask for something more or something different. I must confess, however, that I should gladly have sacrificed the forty pages on hashish for the brilliant notes on the *Liaisons dangereuses* and some brief extracts from the criticisms of writers and painters which are often buried in essays that we no longer feel inclined to read all through.

The translators of both books deserve congratulation on the excellence of their work. It is right to add that in presentation and style the Baudelaire is an immense improvement on another version of the intimate journals which appeared last year.

MARTIN TURNELL

LIGHT ON THE GHETTO

The Stars Bear Witness. By BERNARD GOLDSTEIN. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

The Yiddish edition of this book was called *Five Years in the Warsaw Ghetto.* This title, surely, is more arresting than any which a sales-conscious publisher could devise; for how many people could write such a book? Mr. Goldstein's answer is precise, unchallengeable, and horrifying. When the Nazis established the ghetto in 1940, half a million Jews were crowded into it. Three years of deportations and killings followed. When the ghetto rose in arms in 1943, it had a population of forty thousand. After the fighting, the physical destruction of the ghetto, the subsequent man-hunt, and the participation of the Jews in the general rising of 1944, Warsaw had five hundred Jews left. The Russian columns that entered the city next January found two hundred.

A complete autobiography by Mr. Goldstein would be a valuable book. In the days when ghettoes were surrounded by social and not by tangible walls, he was a leader of the Bund and of the socialist movement among the Polish Jews. He fought and suffered enough for one lifetime in the struggles against the Czar and Pilsudski. But Mr. Goldstein has not written that book; and indeed it could only be a curtain-raiser to what followed.

War, they say, brings out the best and the worst in men. The stale phrase fails to convey the range of human self-revelation in this most desperate, piteous, and forsaken of all battlefields. No sardonic misanthrope could have invented the examples of cruelty, greed, selfishness, and treachery which Mr. Goldstein calmly sets down, and which he discovered among German, Pole, and Jew alike. We read of quislings and informers of all kinds; of apostate German Jews who refused to mix with the lowly *Ostjuden* even in the trains bound for the gas-chambers; of fantastic sums changing hands as the price for the necessities of life and for life itself; of Jewish policemen forced to find seven victims a day or join the death-trains themselves, policemen who, says Mr. Goldstein, "offered their own aged parents with the excuse that they would die soon anyway"; of a regular profession of Poles who lived for years on blackmail, sheltering Jews in Gentile homes till they were bankrupt and then betraying them for a final reward; of members of General Bor's army, in the 1944 fighting, who sent Jews to dig trenches under enemy fire, refusing them food and entry to shelters.

The story would be sickening, if it were not also sublime. Jews displayed bravery unsurpassed in the entire war—the bravery of the doomed fighter, and the undramatic bravery of the devoted doctor as well. Bundist leaders escaped from the ghetto on various missions and insisted on returning. People went to death to save others, or accompanied members of their family rather than be separated. Most moving, perhaps, is the account of a Jewish nurse stepping into the death-train to comfort the children left in her care. Sacrifice of another sort was shown in 1939, when Bund members risked their lives to tunnel into a library built up by the pennies of Jewish workers, and carried it away book by book before it could be taken to Germany. And nothing was nobler than the courage with which certain Poles aided and sheltered the Jews, in an atmosphere of general anti-Semitism among both collaborators and "patriots."

Mr. Goldstein's book is inevitably a personal narrative, and when writing of non-Jewish affairs—the state of parties in the Polish underground, or the attitude of the Red Army—he can be prejudiced and ill-informed. Marie Syrkin's *Blessed is the Match* remains the standard history of the Jewish tragedy, although Mr. Goldstein illuminates certain points which she left as puzzles. The chief of these is the mystery of why the ghetto waited so long to fight; Mr. Goldstein explains the tremendous difficulty of amassing the most elementary weapons.

But the value of this book is less as history than as literature—as a record to astonish peaceful ages, if any there are to come, with its pageant of the unspeakable and the unforgettable in human nature.

MERVYN JONES

REAL, SUBTLE AND MODERN

Homer—The Iliad. A new translation by E. V. RIEU. *Penguin Classics.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

There will be, I am sure, many lovers of the *Iliad* who will be horrified to find that, in one instance, Mr. Rieu translates "ὦ πόπον" as "Good work!", that the space between the two armies has become "no-man's-land," that Aphrodite does not "snatch away" Paris from his likely defeat in the duel with Menelaus, but "whisks him off." There will be others who will be delighted to read Homer in a version that is thoroughly alive, vigorous and contemporary. Even if they have read both the original and other previous translations they will applaud such phrases as "the irrepressible Thersites" and many other discoveries and ingenuities of Mr. Rieu's translation.

One should say at once that Mr. Rieu has succeeded admirably and brilliantly in producing a version of the Iliad which is easy to read, accurate and exciting. The story and the characters of the actors in it, both human and divine, are more vividly presented than in any other version that I know. This vividness comes, I think, partly from the use of short sentences, partly from a determination to use the most modern English possible, partly from the translator's own evident love for his subject and the close, careful attention which he gives to it. Apart from vividness there is another quality which this version possesses—the quality of speed. Most prose versions of the Iliad lag and drag, having lost, as they must do, the running excitement of the verse. But Mr. Rieu's translation moves fast and vigorously. Again the short sentences help;

HENRY JAMES

THE PRINCESS CASAMASSIMA

This is the latest Henry James title to be reprinted in the Chiltern Library. It was first published in 1886 and is unusual among James's novels in that the setting is mainly the poor districts of London. It is at once one of the most realistic and most fascinating of his works.

This edition includes the author's Preface and an introductory note by Michael Swan.

Double Volume 10s. 6d.

OTHER TITLES 8s. 6d. each

The following are also available in the Chiltern Library: RODERICK HUDSON, WHAT MAISIE KNEW, THE SPOILS OF POYNTON, THE LESSON OF THE MASTER, THE AMERICAN (all with the author's Preface); WASHINGTON SQUARE, introduced by Valentine Dobrée; and TEN SHORT STORIES, selected, with an introduction, by Michael Swan.

JOHN LEHMANN

First German novel of World War II

THE ODDS AGAINST US

Hans Werner Richter

June 23 9s. 6d.

Tells with directness, humour and without self-pity the story of ordinary men caught up in the reverses of war.

Book Society Recommend

MEN & GODS

Rex Warner

June 23 *Illustrated* 10s. 6d.

Thirty-two Greek myths retold direct from Ovid by the scholar and novelist. For the enjoyment of children and their elders.

THE HUMAN SPECIES

Anthony Barnett

Demy 8vo 60 Illustrations 16 plates 18s.

"Biology so simply and clearly written that even I, who loathe science, can understand it. A stimulating book."—*John Betjeman.*

MACGIBBON & KEE

"It's sure to start an argument"

writes Eric Gillett of

SOMEWHERE SOUTH OF SUEZ

"Douglas Reed

is one of the most able, provocative and pertinacious journalists now living. He is a first-class descriptive writer and in the past has proved himself a reliable prophet... Will infuriate many readers and make others profoundly uneasy."

10s. 6d. net

The new

Fannie Hurst

ANYWOMAN

by the author of *Lummox*, etc.

10s. 6d. net

JUNE 12

The first of two volumes on the literature of the scandalous in and about the reign of George III by

T. H. White

THE AGE OF SCANDAL

Scandalously illustrated. 15s. net

Using his medical knowledge as a departure point for thought,

Kenneth Walker

looks at man and the universe through the eyes of a doctor, in

A DOCTOR DIGRESSES

10s. 6d. net

Dorothy Cowlin

author of *Penny to Spend* and *Winter Solstice* has written a third novel

THE HOLLY AND THE IVY

9s. 6d. net

JONATHAN CAPE

The English Inheritance

by G. KITSON CLARK

In this historical essay the author traces certain ideas through English history which are intimately connected with Christianity, such as the belief in freedom, the rule of law and the sense of personal responsibility. He sees these factors in a new light as the enduring sources of social stability and the things that have to be conserved in a good society. 15s net

★

Communism and the Churches

A Documentation

by J. B. BARRON & H. M. WADDAMS

A study of the attitude of Communist Governments to the Churches, almost entirely composed of official documents and speeches from which the reader can draw his own conclusions. With a Foreword by the Archbishop of Canterbury. 4s net

★

Work in Modern Society

by J. H. OLDHAM

What bearing has Christian faith upon the actual decisions that men make in their daily work? This booklet raises issues of immense importance for any thoughtful student of contemporary society. 3s 6d net

SCM PRESS

56 Bloomsbury Street, London W.C.1

June 15th

London Trades Council 1860-1950

A History

Compiled from the records of the London Trades Council, this history covers the period of the first Amalgamated Unions, the New Unionism, the formation of the Labour Party, the General Strike and two world wars.

170 *pp.* *Cloth* 9s. 6d.

★

Early July

A Good Man Fallen Among Fabians

A Study of Bernard Shaw

Alick West

180 *pp.* *Cloth* 9s. 6d.

★

June Reprints

Aeschylus and Athens

A Study in the Social Origins of Drama

George Thomson

492 *pp.* *Cloth* 10s. 6d.

★

The Role of the Individual in History

G. V. Plekhanov

64 *pp.* 2s.

LAWRENCE & WISHART

A. J. P. TAYLOR'S
From Napoleon to Stalin
Comments on European History.
'Never fails to amuse and instruct.'—LEONARD WOOLF (*New Statesman*)
'Astringent, provocative, and bracing . . . a book I have read with much interest and profit.'—HAROLD NICOLSON (*Observer*)
12s. 6d. net

Give Me Back My Heart
JACK JONES
Further chapters of autobiography by the well-known Welsh novelist. Author of *Some Trust in Chariots*, etc. *12s. 6d. net*

Journey to Lourdes
Dr. ALEXIS CARREL
Author of *Man the Unknown*.
A great scientist's personal record of the most profound spiritual experience of his life.
5s. net

A Pier and a Band
MARY MACCARTHY
'Tchekov's *Cherry Orchard* in an English setting.'—DAVID GARNETT *9s. 6d. net*

HAMISH HAMILTON LTD

June 19th

MIKES & BENTLEY
(*How to be an Alien,* / *How to Scrape Skies*)
NOW OFFER THEIR
WISDOM FOR OTHERS
A thoroughly subversive handbook on such matters as how to be a tiresome child, how to educate one's parents, how to marry, how to wreck one's marriage, and how to divorce. *6s*

★ ★

RIVER DIARY
Dorothea Eastwood
For all lovers of the water Mrs. Eastwood has written this quiet record of days and nights on the river Usk. Poet, painter, botanist and wife of the well-known Bow Street Magistrate, she writes with deep understanding and affection of the Welsh border country. *12s 6d*

WINGATE

but he is also a master of many useful tricks, as when he re-inverts some of Homer's already inverted similes. (A good example is to be found at the beginning of Book III). Before, therefore, we begin to consider the question "Is this really Homer?" it is fair to say that without any doubt this is a translation that can be read with pleasure and excitement, a translation admirably in conformity with Mr. Rieu's own methods and own high standards.

That his standards are high I know from external as well as from internal evidence. I was once privileged to do some translation for him and sent him a sample of my work. This, I remember, was returned in a state which somewhat appalled me, so many were the queries, the suggested alterations, the polite but firm insistencies on the precise word or turn of phrase. After this experience I was even more careful than I had been before; and I am quite sure that Mr. Rieu is even more meticulously concerned with his own work than he is with that of others.

I imagine that his aim both in his own translations and in those which he has edited for the Penguin Classics is, first and foremost, to make the dead live, or rather to strip away from the living all those masks and incrustations and winding cloths with which pedantry and affectation have so often succeeded in disguising or hiding what is really vital and brilliant. His method is in the use of good simple contemporary prose.

The aim is obviously a good one: the method is much more effective than many might think possible. For example, it might well be imagined that, of all things, Virgil's Eclogues were untranslatable into prose. Yet Mr. Rieu, though he would hardly claim to have reproduced all the beauty of the original, has succeeded even here in reproducing far more of it than anyone would have imagined possible. This result has been brought about largely, I believe, by the infinite care and painstakingness of his approach, or rather, (which is part of the same thing) by his genuine love for what he is doing.

So if one takes this version of the *Iliad* as a whole (which is what, in the first place, one should do) one must again, I think, applaud a resounding success. Story and character alike emerge at last as vivid and powerful. Some idea of the difference between this translation and the more conventional manner can be given from quotations taken at random. Here, for instance, is Mr. Rieu's version of the scene between Hector and Paris at the beginning of Book III.

> Hector had observed his brother and fell foul of him at once. "Paris, you pretty boy," he shouted at him, "you woman-struck seducer; why were you ever born? Why weren't you killed before your wedding day? Yes, I could wish it so."

The same passage in the translation of Lang, Leaf and Myers reads:

> But Hector beheld and upbraided him with scornful words: "Ill Paris, most fair in semblance, thou deceiver woman-mad, would thou hadst been unborn and died unwed. Yea, that were my desire . . ."

The vigour of Mr. Rieu's version is evident. Yet the method, when applied to the *Iliad* has its own defects. The *Iliad* is a more sublime work than the *Odyssey*. Some of the most moving passages in the *Odyssey*, such as the recognition of Odysseus by Penelope, or even the revelation of Odysseus himself to the suitors can still be, as Mr. Rieu and others have shown, most movingly represented in prose. But there are parts of the *Iliad* where the poetry seems to be on an even higher level. There are certain scenes where pathos or indignation seem to demand something more drawn-out and sustained in feeling than can be produced by Mr. Rieu's vigorous, clean, short sentences. For example in Book XXII Homer writes of the death of Hector:

> Ὣς ἄρα μιν εἰπόντα τέλος θανάτοιο κάλυψε,
> ψυχὴ δ' ἐκ ῥεθέων πταμένη Ἄϊδόσδε βεβήκει,
> ὃν πότμον γοόωσα, λιποῦσ' ἀνδρότητα καὶ ἥβην.

These lines Mr. Rieu translates as follows: "Death cut Hector short and his disembodied soul took wing for the house of Hades, bewailing its lot and the youth and manhood that it left." It is in accordance with Mr. Rieu's method to retain in English only one of the four participles in the original; yet here his sentence, as a result of this, is over too soon. It misses the peculiar pathos of the last line, by running together two ideas that should be separated.

Then, too, something may often be lost when, however ingeniously, the order of words and phrases is altered in the interests of modernity and of speed. I myself, when I read the opening words: "The Wrath of Achilles is my theme, that fatal wrath which, in fulfilment of the will of Zeus, brought the Achaeans so much suffering . . ." —when I read this and read further, I admired the translation, but felt that something had been left out. Of course nothing had been; but the emphatic ending of line 5, Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή had been relegated to a parenthesis ("in fulfilment of the will of Zeus") and set much earlier in the sentence than, to my mind, it should have been.

In these and in some other cases I should be inclined to suggest that Mr. Rieu has been, perhaps, too clever. I submit the view with diffidence, since I am certain that Mr. Rieu himself has a good reason for whatever he does. Nor is it fair to suggest in any way that he has taken the poetry out of Homer by striving for any absolute modernity. In his version, for instance, Hector's wife goes home "shedding great tears,"—a phrase which is not markedly modern, but which is simple and appropriate.

In his excellent introduction Mr. Rieu writes of "the realism, subtlety and modernity of Homer's character-drawing," The same expressions may be applied to his own translation. There are moments, I think, when no amount of realism, subtlety or modernity is sufficient. But these qualities are very high ones and are singularly rarely to be found in translators of Homer. Mr. Rieu with his *Odyssey* and now his *Iliad* has accomplished a magnificient performance and has put many thousands of people permanently in his debt. He has made no concessions to laziness by abbreviation or paraphrase and yet has produced a version which is wholly free from pedantry or affectation. The great story can speak for itself and we can listen to it easily. He has not always risen to its height (who could?), but I know of no other translation which is so successful in the other dimensions.

REX WARNER

SHARPENING UP THE SIXTH

Sixth Form Citizens. By the Association for Education in Citizenship. *Oxford University Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The position held by Grammar School Heads in the educational hierarchy protects them from criticism, at any rate open and individual, whether it be constructive or merely unpleasant. Yet here comes the Schools Committee of the Association for Education in Citizenship, with a delicacy that would make Agag envious, to tell them that the social content of their sixth form curriculum could do with a dose of atomic fission. Any attempt to evaluate the extent and effect of social studies on sixth-form education must, inevitably, involve an inquiry into the whole curriculum, and therefore of the examination system by which it is so largely determined. The Committee responsible for this book have not accepted this necessity, and have striven to discuss the subjects concerned without relating them to the whole picture. It is true that they have rightly regarded

RESTRICTED NUMBER OF PAGES

Owing to the dispute in the London printing industry the sizes of issues are restricted. Many advertisements, both displayed and classified, are unavoidably held over pending a settlement.

social studies in the widest sense, and appreciate that the "indirect approach" of history and geography study may be as effective as the more obviously relevant subjects of Economics, Political Science, Psychology and so forth. It is also true that the rest of the traditional curriculum could also be related to their objective, and this they have failed to do.

They fail to do it, not only because the Committee was appointed for a narrower purpose but because they would have become involved in the problem of the relationship of University courses to higher forms of secondary education, the standards of admission required by Institutes of Further Education and (an extraordinary omission in the book even as it stands) some attempt to foretell the general effects of the new General Certificate on the whole pattern of secondary education. Another initial and unexpected defect in the inquiry is its failure to draw from the experience of other countries; no reference is made to contemporary practice in schools outside the British Isles, although valuable lessons could be learned by even a superficial study of social studies in the U.S.A., France, Scandinavia and the Soviet Union.

Within its limitations, however, the inquiry reveals a great deal of careful thought, and its authors have clearly made a particular effort to find out what is being done in a variety of schools. They would, however, be the first to agree that finding out what goes on in schools is an extremely difficult matter. It is the exceptional Head who exposes his obvious weaknesses to the outer world, even to such a benign body as the Association for Education in Citizenship. The reader is frequently tempted to suspect that the examples of intensive application to the importance of social studies are possibly exaggerated and certainly rare. There must be hundreds of Grammar Schools to whom the mere suggestion of a course in psychology, law or political science would be looked upon as highly suspect. Nevertheless, the examples given, even if they are not of general application, are immensely encouraging, and show that there are many teachers who have accepted the fact that a knowledge of the material and immaterial forces which determine the structure of modern society is an essential part of secondary education.

Like many enthusiasts for a particular field of study, the authors tend to forget that the school day and the capacity of children are both finite. The demands of examiners that pupils shall know more and more about increasingly restricted subjects has made it extremely difficult for the heads of secondary schools to satisfy both the need to pass examinations and the individual needs of children. It is impossible to reconcile the study of a wide field of laudable subjects, and at the same time to ensure that the pupils go far enough in them to get any real satisfaction. *Sixth Form Citizens* quite rightly pleads that existing subjects should be given a social bias and that many subjects should be taught in relation to their social implications. This is probably the biggest single existing defect in the present set-up in which it is possible to study chemistry and physics without any knowledge of their historical development, and to study geography with only the most cursory reference to the fact that it has largely conditioned history, or even that the earth is inhabited. For this the most blame must lie on the Universities who have so narrowed and deepened their curricula for honours degrees that they can produce men and women with the highest academic attainments who are virtually uneducated. It is these people who then carry on the good work in the schools and give their pupils watered-down versions of what they themselves have recently learned. A vivid example of this tendency was discovered recently when a science graduate confessed himself unable to take a class of sixteen-year-olds in what is euphemistically called "Current Affairs," and in reality means an intelligent understanding of the main columns of *The Times*.

JOHN NEWSOM

NEW NOVELS

The Widow. By SUSAN YORKE. *Lehmann.* 9s. 6d.

What Comes After. By MARY DUNSTAN. *Heinemann.* 9s. 6d.

His Human Majesty. By KAY BOYLE. *Faber.* 12s. 6d.

The Snow Mountain. By LUDWIG BEMELMANS. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10s. 6d.

THE American war between the sexes has produced some notable female warriors—Edith Wharton's Undine Spragg, Hemingway's Mrs. Macomber and Thurber's dishevelled termagants among them. Miss Yorke's widow is a spectacular newcomer to their ranks. On the surface she is as rich, clever, smart, businesslike and handsome as any Bette Davis character. But deep down she is mean and cruel, a killer. We are fortunate in being able to watch her at work, since she is the narrator of her own story. (A telling device, if only the Widow did not address the narrative to her dead lover; this gives the very real drama a phoney ring.) Miss Yorke's plot is a simple one. The Widow falls for a handsome young lawyer. He is self-obsessed and independent, yet he gradually allows himself to be manoeuvred into a sex battle with her which he can only lose, for the Widow has been as painstaking and as patient in her preparations as an elephant hunter. She has even gone to the lengths of baiting the trap with a tempting fiancée. Out of blindness and weakness the young man does the rest. Outwitted long before he has smelt danger, he destroys himself just as she has ordained. But victory, as is usual in this kind of warfare, tastes of ashes. What point has life for the Widow without an opponent to keep her sharp? The chin doubles and the breasts sag; old age, she realises, is her only prize.

In this, her first novel, Miss Yorke has gambled rashly on a *tour de force* and lost, as was, perhaps, inevitable. Her villainess is a superb automaton about as near to life as a Charles Addams vampire. A little shading here and there might have suggested three-dimensional reality, but under the bright light that Miss Yorke keeps shining none is possible and the Widow never takes on substance. Moreover, for the whole situation to be credible, the Widow should have more allure. What normal man could be obsessed by this dead fish, this pretentious bore devoid of charm and humour? She may know all the answers, but how dull they are. Even her bitchery is smug and dismal. All the same this is an interesting and clever book. Miss Yorke writes well. She carpenters every situation artfully and dovetails them together into a workmanlike job.

The Widow's English sister far from being a victor is anyone's victim. Hester Blair, heroine of *What Comes After*, starts as a nice A.T.S.

THE TREND in POLITICS

CAN BEST BE FOLLOWED IN

"SPOTLIGHT" by A. J. CUMMINGS

AND

"AS I SEE IT" by FRANCIS WILLIAMS

IT IS WORTH YOUR WHILE TO READ
THESE WELL-INFORMED ARTICLES REGULARLY

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE

NEWS CHRONICLE

officer, "' nothing to write home about, but rather a dear.'" Then somehow she turns sour. An exciting job in an intelligence department ("your eyes would goggle if you knew what your daughter was up to nowadays," she writes to her mother) and "the thrilling people"—Penny, Mandy and Nev—bring home to her by comparison the drabness of her prospects once the war is over. Her mother, sister and governness distrust the new Hetty with her frenzied talk of secret work and night clubs. Little do they know that most of it is a pathetic blind, a charm against the spectre of spinsterhood and mediocrity ("A dark horse Hester," she imagines people saying, "I didn't know she had it in her to hold down a brainy job.") Demobilised and back in dimmest Scotland, Hester turns from meek gentility to rancour against her lot. In particular, she hates the old governess she once adored, for in this grotesque bead-hung figure she sees a reflection of what she will become. But ultimately the ulcer of her dislike bursts open and drains itself. It may take time, but Hester will be a dear again. Every page of Miss Dunstan's novel has its coveys of clichés, which a frequent use of inverted commas only makes the more noticeable.

Miss Boyle has a very considerable reputation which *His Human Majesty* entirely fails to confirm. This tedious, overwritten book gives the impression of an author who has half sold out to the glossies, but only half; she gives us the worst of both worlds. Profundities are never as deep as they look, yet no magazine polish compensates for the quality that is missing. "A novel of love and loyalty," the blurb insists, "written with that poetic beauty and magic insight into the subtleties of human relationships that distinguish Kay Boyle's work. A portrait of men as only a woman can see them and as only Kay Boyle can draw them." But can a woman novelist have the faintest idea how an outpost of men, in this case a unit of the U.S. Army's ski-troops, stationed high in the Colorado Mountains, behave? Norman Mailer and J. G. Cozzens have in their different ways recorded the patterns of military life and the phrases of a soldier's vocabulary with startling verisimilitude. But Miss Boyle's tough young men either carry on like their author—pretentiously—or talk for pages like silly girls. When women are mentioned the eyes of all but "Don Juan Cooper, the Californian heel," go cloudy. Every man has a shrine inside him to one of these sacred creatures. As Fennington, "the Yankee with the British accent" says, "Men don't go to war alone . . . women, their women, go with them." Equally unreal are the rest of Miss Boyle's conveyor-belt assortment: Carmichael, musical comedy Irish, Svonka the Norwegian, Jeno the Hungarian, Sweetwater the Indian, even Connie Avignon, the film star wife of one G.I. The woman promises to be a diversion, but round about page 100 she freezes to death, helping a German prisoner of war to escape across the Mexican border. Frostbite nips at the story too, and from then on it falls in pieces. Struggle as she may—and Miss Boyle is a muscular writer—she never puts them together again.

After the heavy, hammy flavour of *His Human Majesty*, Bemelmans's *New Yorker* astringency comes as a refreshing *sorbet*. These bits and pieces about life in the Austrian Alps before and during the last war are at times sentimental and sloppy, but at least they are unpretentious and at their best are good journalism. For all its shellac surface this is a more vivid picture of the mountains than Miss Boyle's. The incidents that Mr. Bemelmans has haphazardly strung together have the remote Tyrolean village of Aspern for a setting. Here are two very different hotels—Herr Tannegg's Alpenrose, an old inn oozing *gemütlichkeit*, and Herr Haberdietzel's Gentiane, a conventional wintersports palace. Tannegg is a simple hunter, Haberdietzel a self-seeking Nazi. After many vicissitudes, some sad, some funny, the son of the one marries the daughter of the other. It is all very obvious and straightforward, but Bemelmans's wit and his superficial humanity, which amounts to a sense of life, keep it out of the rut. In the same way his characters, many of them stock types, are never dummies from the back of the drawer. The Bemelmans's treatment, light and sketchy without being thin, gives spontaneity to sentimental vignette and sly caricature alike. Outstanding in this book are the Swiss hotel manager, the golden-hearted nun, the beautiful Princess, the Jewish millionaire and the German soldiers, frivolous and sympathetic for once, not Prussian absurdities; but none of them compare with the gaudy curiosities of *Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep*. *Snow Mountain*, like all Bemelmans's work, sags and bulges in places because the author has not bothered to tighten up the writing. His are ephemeral conceits, I know, but more careful shaping would ensure them just that much more point.

JOHN RICHARDSON

Lionel Wendt's Ceylon. Introduction by L. C. VAN GEYZEL. *Lincoln-Prager.* 42s.

Technical virtuosity by itself does not guarantee a photographer superb results; the best photographers have often been mediocre technicians. Just as important are an artist's eye for beauty, composition and texture, a novelist's for character, a journalist's for the slice of life and a dramatist's for "theatre." Lionel Wendt possessed something of all these. Equally important in his case was the warm feeling he had for the island where he lived. He would stalk his Singhalese models for days in order to trap in his camera a single gesture, waiting for those moments of beauty that are the outward expression of their daily lives. When he tried to capture these effects artificially in his studio, he was less successful; this literary approach ended often in self-consciousness and preciosity. Man Ray's unsuitable influence was partly responsible. The Frenchman's chic surrealism, his slick abstractions were not exportable. *The Misery of Balanced Perplexities*, *The Eyes are not Here*, *Gay Abandon*, some of Wendt's essays in this manner, are merely silly and overdone. They lack the brilliance of his informal reportage which has the smell of life. Nearly all the other photographs in this book reveal how lucky Wendt was in his locale. The smooth sea, the tropical sky bright with clouds, the various silhouettes of dark foliage, architecture grotesque and placid have a photogenic beauty only equalled by that of the inhabitants whose handsome heads figure in numerous portraits. In another section we can enjoy their elegant bodies, sometimes wet like satin, sometimes dry like silk, but always in natural dance-like poses. This volume is a worthy memorial to a very talented figure—concert pianist, composer, lawyer, camera-man, eccentric besides—whose early death in 1944 is to be greatly regretted.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

(Concluded)

Piano Solo and Guitar. BACH: Toccata, C major, arr. Busoni (Gina Bachauer. C3969-70.) Pianists who aspire to Busoni's transcriptions of Bach's organ works must possess in the first place hands large enough to strike the enormous chords without spreading them. Gina Bachauer, besides fulfilling this requirement, has an impressive control of rhythm and a splendid tone that never becomes ugly. Her impeccable pedalling and fine balance make her playing of the fugue a model of clarity. Indeed, this is in every way an outstanding issue, for the recording is deep and broad in tone. (The Adagio is that recorded recently, in her own transcription, by Dame Myra Hess, whose charming style is perhaps rather tentative for this kind of music.) HAYDN: Sonata, No. 31, E major (Denis Matthews. DX 1655). HAYDN: Sonata, No. 34, E minor (Monique de La Bruchollerie. D B21038). These two excellent recordings provide an interesting contrast in interpretation. Denis Matthews plays in a straightforward style, with great taste and beauty of phrasing; but it is a style which looks forward to Beethoven rather than backwards to the masters of the harpsichord.

Mobile trees and tethered hens

Read about them on pages 317 and 341 of the Countryman; the Review and Miscellany of rural life for country people who live it, and townspeople who love it.

The Countryman

Summer Number now on sale

2/6 per copy **10/-** per year

Published quarterly from 10 Bouverie St., London, E.C.4

JUST PUBLISHED:

BURMA

Professor D. G. E. HALL

M.A., D.LIT., F.R.HIST.S.

The only complete short history of a country that is front-page news.

7/6d.

HUTCHINSON'S

UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Invest with security

2¼%

SHARE INTEREST

Income Tax paid by Society

INDIVIDUAL INVESTMENTS are invited in sums of £25 to a maximum of £5,000. Capital invested is *non-fluctuating*, yielding a reasonable net rate of interest, and withdrawals may be made in full at any time on agreed notice.

● Deposit interest 1¼% ● Assets exceed £6,000,000
● Reserves £320,000 ● Open Accounts 16,000

Write for balance sheet and "Safe Investment" Booklet D.8

Church of England Building Society

(Incorporated 1911)

Head Office: 6 & 7 New Bridge Street, London, E.C.4

MAKE WRITING YOUR 1950 HOBBY

It's pleasurable—and profitable. Work with the London School of Journalism - **the only school under direct patronage of leading newspaper proprietors.** Personal coaching by post in all forms of writing, stories, articles, poetry, Eng. Litt., Radio Scripts, etc. Advice free. Send for Free Book from: Prospectus Office, London School of Journalism, 57 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. MUSeum 4574.

Whenever you think of writing, think of the L.S.J.

There is something very fascinating in Mlle de La Bruchollerie's silver-point playing, which eschews the sustaining pedal almost entirely and seldom rises above *mp*. But should Haydn be made to sound like Scarlatti? It is a question I prefer to leave unanswered. Whatever your own answer may be, you cannot fail to enjoy both these records, each on its own merits. PONCE: Sonatina Meridional (Segovia. LX1275). For once I feel ungrateful to Segovia. This sonatina, by a contemporary Mexican composer, is really very dull. The conventional Spanish idiom, and a brilliant performance, fail to conceal a complete lack of individuality.

Vocal. BACH: Cantata No. 82: "Ich habe genug" (Hans Hotter Geraint Jones (organ)/Sidney Sutcliffe (oboe)/Philharmonia Orch/Bernard (LX1290–2). Were it not for Bach's inclination, fostered by the social and ecclesiastical life of his day, to make his movements just a little too long, I should be tempted to describe this cantata as perfectly beautiful. In any case, whatever you may decide to deny yourself this month, you should not pass over this set. Hans Hotter's restraint, and the lyrical quality of his singing, are worthy of the highest praise. The instrumental playing is most distinguished and the balance excellent. The recording, although not ideally transparent, is always agreeable in tone. MOZART: *Figaro*—"Porgi amor"; WEBER: *Oberon*—"Piange mio cuor" (Gabriella Gatti. R30017). Mme Gatti's singing of "Porgi amor" is not such as to reconcile us to yet another recording of this aria; in the beautiful lament from Weber's *Oberon*, however, she gives us a most satisfying example of her art. But what possessed the conductor (or whoever) to dock the aria of the orchestral exordium—only three bars, but important ones? Why vex musical people by this kind of barbarism, when there is no need to do so? TURINA: *Saeta; Cantares* (No. 3 of *Poema en forma de canciones*) (Victoria de Los Angeles/Philharmonia Orch/Süsskind. DA1929). These plangent, expressive melodies represent the late Joaquin Turina at his best. It goes without saying that Mme de Los Angeles sings them charmingly; but the engineers need to take more care in recording this singer: she has the kind of voice which catches the microphone badly when placed the least bit too near it. FAURÉ: *La Bonne Chanson* (Sophie Wyss/Kathleen Long. AF9414–8). A respectable, well thought out, but completely unexciting performance. The recording is not of the best Decca standard. It is improbable that anyone has ever sung this moving cycle with more style and feeling than Panzéra. His recording is, however, obtainable only in France. PUCCINI: *Madam Butterfly*—"Un bel dì" and "Con onor muore" (Maria Cebotari. DB6940). Ditto: "Un bel dì"; PUCCINI: *Manon Lescaut*—"In quelle trine morbide" (Renata Tebaldi. X327). Considering the tucket that has been blown in her honour in Italy, Renata Tebaldi's record is something of a disappointment. One can tell that her voice is fundamentally beautiful, but she seems content to use it in the barnstorming fashion with which many a poorer soprano has made us painfully familiar. Thus, "In quelle trine" is excessively tearful; "Un bel dì" goes much better, but even here Maria Cebotari seems to me at least as touching and a good deal more thoroughly musical. Hers is a sensible coupling, for the final pages of *Butterfly* are seldom recorded by themselves, and the singer does not overdo the pathos. It is, however, a pity that we have to do without the voice of Pinkerton. Recording of both discs good, though with occasional distortion on high notes. BIZET: *Carmen*—Flower Song; GOUNOD: *Faust*—"Salut! demeure" (Eugene Conley. K2326). This American tenor has a big steady voice of good quality, but his style leaves much to be desired. He seems to have little lyrical sense, and delivers these two famous arias so forcefully that their meaning is lost. VERDI: *Don Carlo*—"Ella giammai m'amo" (Cesare Siepi. R30016). Again this noble scena has been grievously misconceived. Philip II was not an Italian peasant, nor did Verdi so portray him. INAUGURAL CEREMONIES OF THE HOLY YEAR, 1950 (DB21049–52). These four records represent on the whole a very sensible choice of the available material. Even the bells of the four basilicas, though "only bells," have a wonderful amount of individuality; the "Bell of the Lost Lady" in particular is impressively deep and somehow conveys a sense of mysterious loneliness. The ceremony of the Holy Door, the apostolic benediction, the cheers of the multitude, are most realistically recorded. Some Catholics will, I think, be shocked by the inclusion in the proceedings of music by Gounod and Perosi—the kind of music which the Vatican long ago (and quite rightly) pronounced unsuitable to the Catholic rite. As against these aberrations there is some plainchant and a polyphonic *Jubilate Deo*, though here the recording is (no doubt unavoidably) somewhat fuzzy. Above all there is the Pope's "Prayer of the Holy Year," spoken with a truly marvellous beauty of utterance, both in English and Italian. ANTHOLOGY OF ENGLISH CHURCH MUSIC. This important album (two more are to follow) consists of seven LX and five LB discs. The period covered stretches from Robert Fayrfax (*d.* 1521) to Vaughan Williams, and includes portions of Masses, as well as motets and anthems. Many of the items were admirably chosen—notably the *Agnus Dei* of Fayrfax (LX1283), Morley's "Out of the Deep," with its lovely tenor solo, most beautifully sung (LX1284), Tallis's "O nata lux" (LX1283), Purcell's "Rejoice in the Lord" (LX1285), and W. H. Harris's "Faire is the Heaven" (LX1288). Some of the later examples are less happy: Alan Gray's "What are These," for instance, frankly strikes me as a horrible piece of music. Most of the choirs represented sing well enough, but are too often untidy at the outset; and the York Minster choir is not at all well recorded. On the whole, however, this is a most praiseworthy undertaking and deserves full support.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

Special Competition

Nijinsky has become a legend, even for those who never saw him dance. We invite poets to commemorate him in a valedictory poem and will offer ten guineas for those selected for publication in our pages. The poems will be judged by Mr. Stephen Spender and Miss Janet Adam Smith.

Report by Stephen Spender and Janet Adam Smith

We had, I think, hoped for a sculptural graven quality, impersonal and memorable. Instead most of the entries—there were over eighty of them—filled Nijinsky's death with their own emotions, the verses conveyed what the authors felt far more than what Nijinsky was. Of the two we selected for printing on page 689, Vernon Watkins's has something of the formal elaborateness of the elegy, Frances Cornford's the terseness of an inscription. The eyes of both are turned on Nijinsky: there is no overspill of private feeling.

No. 1,061

Set by Dennis Yates

In his book on Logan Pearsall Smith, Robert Gathorne-Hardy mentions Pearsall Smith's delight in boasting, and describes a boasting party he held, at which a silver cream jug was awarded to the boast which was acclaimed the most excellent. Gathorne-Hardy himself scored a near miss with his claim, when a child, to have given ringworm to a high dignitary of the church, but the prize was unanimously voted to the young lady who had a certificate of her virginity signed by the Pope. The subtlety of a good boast lies in departing *only* so far from the truth as to run no chance—or practically no chance—of being believed. The usual prizes are offered for the best set of three such boasts. Entries by June 27th.

APOLLO

The Monthly Magazine of the Arts

The June issue, now on sale, contains beautifully illustrated articles on Antique Furniture, Cut Glass, Sèvres soft paste Biscuit Figures, and Current Art Shows.

The more important prices realised at the Salerooms for Antiques and Paintings are given in detail.

On sale at all Bookstalls and Newsagents or direct from

APOLLO 10, VIGO STREET, LONDON, W.1

3/6 per copy. Annual sub. 42/-

Third Edition

HOW STATES ARE GOVERNED

By ERNEST F. ROW, B.Sc.(Econ.), F.R.Econ.S., L.C.P. Everyone desirous of understanding the many political and economic problems of to-day will find this book of exceptional interest. It explains the fundamental points of political constitutions and provides readers with a guide to world politics which will enable them to obtain an intelligent grasp of current events. Apart from its appeal to the general reader, the book is one of particular value to the student of political economy.

Price 7/6 net.

★ "The general reader will find that Mr. Row's book will help him to knit together the piecemeal knowledge which comes of newspaper reading."—*Times Literary Supplement*.

"Comprehensive and up-to-date."—*Schoolmaster*.

A Pitman Book

Parker Street . Kingsway London, W.C.2

"GLAD I REMEMBERED the 'ASPRO'"

There are dozens of occasions when 'ASPRO' is just what is needed—when you will be glad that you had a tube or strip of 'ASPRO' tablets in your pocket. Your friends will bless you for having brought it, too. For these days, when there's so much to do, and only 24 hours to do it in, life often gets too hectic. **'ASPRO' quickly relieves the nervy, overstrained, fagged-out feelings** which result. 'ASPRO' rapidly dispels muscular pain caused through getting chilly after exercise. It brings swift relief for headaches, drives away the symptoms of an oncoming cold. And it has no harmful after-effects—you can take it and carry on with what you are doing. So it's a good plan to have 'ASPRO' actually with you.

'ASPRO' Soothes, Calms & Comforts—STRAIGHTAWAY

Prices: (Including Purchase Tax) 4d. 7½d. 1/5

ASPRO

Made by ASPRO LIMITED, Slough, Bucks

NORWAY BY COACH

Weekly service from London now running. Viking Coaches leave Ostend on Wednesdays, arriving Oslo on Saturdays. First Class luxury vehicles with cost including all hotels and meals en route.

London to Oslo. Aalborg and Gothenburg via Belgium, Holland, Germany and Denmark.

Inclusive terms: Single journey £19. 15. 0 Double £36. 18. 6

Write W.T.A. 49 Gillingham Street, London S.W.1.

ESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,058

Set by John Russell

Competitors are invited to write the opening or the closing paragraph (150 words) of a Portrait in Miniature by Lytton Strachey of one of the following: Nelson, Edward VII, Proust, Edward Grey, Archbishop Lang.

Report by John Russell

This competition was planned to celebrate the 70th anniversary of Lytton Strachey's birth. It did not, I am afraid, reveal any keen analytical understanding of his methods; few of the entries, at any rate, rose above obituary-level, and there were many sentences which could only have provoked him to astonished laughter. (Of Edward VII, for instance: "his marriage was unmarred by any mark of dissatisfaction"). It is obviously easier to decry Lytton Strachey than to counterfeit the original graces of his style. Nor were there many who even attempted the special innovation of Strachey's narrative method—the planting, that is to say, within an orthodox biographical scheme, of some appallingly unorthodox insinuation. Of the set subjects, Nelson and Edward VII were by far the most popular; Grey and Proust had only one supporter apiece, and the possibilities of Lord Lang's career were not, I am sorry to say, exploited as thoroughly as one might have wished. There were several competitors who hit off a good phrase; I liked, for instance, R. M. Towes' reference to Napoleon—"the Corsican upstart . . . whose star went down with the sunset in the sanguinary waters of the Nile," and D. R. Peddy's Lang had a good concluding sentence: "Death found him in his appropriate and inevitable place in the Hierarchy; can his advancement have halted there?" Edward Blishen's Edward VII had one of the details of dress which Strachey used with such rare effect; and the body of Nelson, returning home in cask, tempted several competitors to inappropriate flights of fancy.

Of the winners, two derive from the great tradition of Strachey's death-bed scenes. L. E. J. is *hors concours* the better, but Peter Alexander is also on the right lines. Sergeant Owen was the best of those who essayed the long backward glance that belongs really to *Queen Victoria* rather than to *Portraits in Miniature*. Three guineas, to L. E. J.; two to Peter Alexander; one to Sgt. Owen. Cocu's Proust just missed a prize.

EDWARD VII (concluded)

He was not afraid to die; had he not been punctual in attendance at Divine Service? Besides, God was known to be merciful. But in another, less placable, quarter a report would certainly be demanded. Would it be possible, there whither he was bound, to meet Papa without Mamma? He must ask the Archbishop. Of some things Papa must surely approve: there had been the Entente Cordiale; there had been the Hospital Fund; there had even been the Royal College of Music. No mention need be made of Minoru. And that reminded him. "Tell Marky," he whispered, "I'm glad his horse won." A few more mutterings followed, too faint to catch. Might those words have been, if caught, "Don't let poor Cassel starve"? The words were not caught. The friendly-hearted King was dead, and the Edwardian Age, exuberant, brittle, and amusing, saw no point in surviving him. L. E. J.

NELSON

To the last he thought of her who had loved him so well: as he lay in anguish with a bullet in his spine, his ears filled with the shrieks of the wounded, the smoke of his greatest victory burning his nostrils, he found strength to make over his worldly effects to Emma Hamilton. Almost immediately he fell into a delirium from which he never emerged; his speech was wild and confused, but he was heard once to murmur to his flag-captain, "I wish . . . Emma were . . . here to . . . kiss me, Hardy." A deep coma settled on him. He lay silent for an hour. At last, his face hardening and his hands clasping his bloodstained coat more closely to him in the familiar gesture of determination and defiance, he said, firmly and clearly, "I see no signal" and glided serenely into his last engagement. PETER ALEXANDER

NELSON

Look again at Abbot's picture, see with what mild intelligence he looks out at us. The face is strong and tender, framed in its haze of wisping hair. How sad, how infinitely *pained* he looks! Perhaps his mind wanders down the vista of the years. Is he thinking of Hardy—Hardy, his face quite mottled by the tightness of those absurd cravats. Bending over him with that tearful last kiss? Perhaps it is of little Horatio tugging at his empty sleeve, or of Emma those last nights at Merton, and Emma and himself on the "Foudroyante" drinking toasts and posing for Romney, and San Remo, and Porto Ferrafo and . . . and poor Fanny; and the row with old Lutwidge because of the Polar Bear, and dear Uncle Maurice, and William weeping in the snow as he talked of honour and Mother, sweet-smelling, indistinct . . . Mother dying. Who knows what he thinks? Perhaps he does not think (it was his great virtue); perhaps, (whisper it), perhaps he is seasick. He always was. SGT. R. OWEN

PROUST

By eleven o'clock he was seen to be failing. He left unread the proof-sheets that lay across the narrow military bed; unsipped, the English pale ale by his side; untapped, the cylinder of oxygen. Then all at once he seemed to recognise a new footstep in the room; "But Willie—how charming of you to come!" Yet it was not Willie Heath who stood before him in his dreams, but a woman — a hideous fat woman in black. He subsided; he drooped; he languished utterly. In vain the watchers tried to rally him. What would he most like? A few minims of Debussy? A glass of Worthington? Alas, too late! The green cheeks fell in; the violet eyelids closed; and Marcel Proust was one with Willie Heath, in the remembered sunshine of the Bois. COCU

CHESS: J'Adoube

No. 41

I am not asking competitors to coin an English word for this. I think that, just like *zugzwang* so is *j'adoube* one of those familiar and unalterable terms indigenous to the freemasonry of chess-players all over the world. How deeply they are rooted in our sub-consciousness was proved to me the other day. I was hurrying up the escalator in the Holborn Underground Station. Inadvertently touching the arm of a lady who stood in my way I meant to say "sorry," but I did say "j'adoube." The lady gave me a very puzzled look. She, evidently, was no chessplayer.

This position (reported by Kurt Richter) occurred some twenty years ago. Black, enjoying the odds of a R played Kt-K2, with the idea of exploiting the opened file after White's KtxKt. But White took the Kt with his Q. Black immediately touched the lady to capture

her with his P, but before completing the move he saw that KtxP ch, followed by B-R6 would mate him. "J'adoube," he cried, "I really meant to castle." His opponent generously allowed him to do so and promptly mated him "the other way round" by QxKtP, followed first by B-B6ch and then by Kt-R6.

The question remains how strictly, in a friendly game, the "*pièce touchée*" rule—another one of those international terms!—should be applied. I think it should be applied as strictly as in a match-game. If the position seems too interesting to allow it being spoiled by some silly oversight, why not resign the game and continue it as a post-mortem analysis?

In tournament games one would be well advised to "sit on one's hands," they may play the queerest tricks even on experienced masters. In this position—Przepiorka-Ahues, Kecskemet 1926—Black had played RxR, and Przepiorka spent some time considering whether to recapture with his R or Q. Finally he reached for the enemy R, but instead of taking it he used it to capture his own B on Kt2. Ahues (who has a strong sense of humour) promptly played RxRP, and it was now only that Przepiorka became aware of having lost three pieces in 1½ moves. Of course the tournament director declared them to be invalid.

No such ruling was necessary on this occasion—Esser-Marshall, Amsterdam 1911—. White played K-Q1 and Marshall, while lighting a cigar pushed his R off the board with his elbow. Two or three onlookers dived under the table to recover the piece. "Never mind," said Marshall, "I don't need the rook." He played P-B6, and after a moment's reflection his opponent resigned.

In this week's competition A is relatively so simple that, if it is to rate 5 points, I mustn't give the slightest hint. B may be a little more difficult and as

A: V. Korolkov, Uzbekistan, 1947

White to move and win.

B: F. Hilbig, 1933

White to move and mate in 10.

it is to rate 5 points too, I will say this that before administering the mate the valiant White Bishop has to play a good deal of "hide and seek" with the enemy pieces. Usual prizes. Entries by June 26.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Yearly, 32s. 6d.; Six months, 16s. 3d.; Three months, 8s. 6d. to any address in the world.

AIR MAIL

to any country in Europe, £2 10s. yearly (except Poland and Iceland, £3).
To other countries by special quotation.

AIR EXPRESS

Posted immediately on arrival at main air port.
Africa West, £3. South and East, £3 5s.
India, Pakistan, £3 12s. Singapore, Malaya, £3 15s.
Hong Kong, £4. Australia, £5.
New Zealand, £5 5s.
All AIR Subscriptions pro rata for six months.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

10, Great Turnstile London, W.C.1. Holborn 8471

CANADA & U.S.A.

Residents in North America may remit for surface or Air Express subscriptions to:
BRITISH PUBLICATIONS Inc.
150, East 35th Street, N.Y.16, N.Y.
Surface, $5.50 yearly. Air Express, $15 yearly.
Both pro rata for six months.

POSTAGE *on this issue Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 1½d. Canada, 1d.*

RESULT OF COMPETITION

Set May 27

A: The Black K stood on his KB6. White about to complete castling.

B: His K7 (approached via KB6) is the spot for the camouflaged White K. He is mated by B-Q3.

C: The Black K is "kicked upstairs" by: (1) R-B2; (2) R-B3; (3) R-K3; (4) R-K4; (5) R-Q4; (6) R-Q3; (7) R-B5; (8) R-B6; (9) R-Kt6; (10) R-Kt7; (11) R-R7 and mate at R8.

D: (1) B-R6, P x P; (2) B-Kt5, P x P; (3) B-B4, P x P; (4) B-Q3, P x P; (5) B-K2, P x P mate.

E: (1) Kt-Q7 ch; (2) Q-B8 ch; (3) R-R4; (4) Kt-Q5; (5) Kt-K7 ch; (6) K-R2; (7) Q-Kt8 ch; (8) P-Kt3 mate.

Too many correct solutions to mention them all. Yet a good many competitors were stumped by E. Actually, there appear to be several solutions. As for B, it was discovered by several competitors that KR7 might also be a haven for the fugitive king. D. J. O'Sullivan went to the trouble of concocting a game resulting in the position. He shares the prizes with D. K. Hale, R. C. O. Matthews, F. R. Oliver, J. B. Woodward. In the point-to-point race D. Altschul, A. W. Bowen, F. Jaeck are leading with the maximum of 65 points. But several competitors are only two or three points behind.

ASSIAC

Company Meetings

DUNLOP RUBBER CO.

SIR CLIVE BAILLIEU'S REVIEW

THE 51st ordinary general meeting of the Dunlop Rubber Company Limited was held on June 12th in London, W.

Sir Clive Baillieu, K.B.E., C.M.G., the chairman, in the course of his speech, said:

When I spoke to you last year I referred to the very serious nature of the disturbances then occurring in Malaya, and expressed the hope that Government policy, designed to rid the country of the bandit forces and restore peace and security to this supremely important area, would bear fruit.

Despite the devotion and courage of all the services engaged against the terrorists, I regret to say that the situation today in Malaya, after showing some improvement in September and October of last year, has steadily deteriorated. There is now welcome evidence that those at the centre of power see that this menace is directed at the integrity of the Commonwealth, and that it can only be met by mobilising the full and united resources of the Commonwealth itself.

There are on our estates approximately 21,000 persons who have lived under conditions of incessant strain during the past 12 months. We have taken all possible steps within our power to ease their anxieties and to ensure their safety; and recently we have provided a fleet of armoured cars for their protection.

TYRE DIVISION

Last year I referred to the fact that in the early months of 1949 it had become apparent that dealers in the United Kingdom had adequate stocks and that as a result there had been some reduction in the demand for tyres for replacement purposes. I also mentioned that petrol rationing had continued to have a marked effect on the potential demand for car tyres. This position was reflected in the amount of rubber consumed in this country for transportation purposes during the year 1949 in comparison with the year 1948. Consumption of rubber for this class of business fell from 117,043 tons in 1948 to 106,553 tons in 1949. The significant feature, however, was the fact that during the last quarter of the year no less than 32,047 tons were consumed for these purposes. This figure, of course, includes rubber used in tyres sold for all purposes.

Export sales from the various divisions of the company during 1949 were a record.

During the last few days you will have heard of the opening of the new Dunlop Research Centre at Birmingham. Its completion will give the company opportunities for extending and co-ordinating the research facilities of the group. The application to Dunlop products of new synthetic materials, as they become available, is kept constantly under review by our technicians.

Since the war the company has installed manufacture in several new locations, notably Speke, Thornliebank, Dunfermline and Hindley Green which together provide employment for some 8,000 people.

All the principal factories showed marked increases in productivity during the year. These are the joint result of improved manufacturing methods and a substantially higher contribution by our employees, whose personal effort compares favourably with that of workers in any other country.

GENERAL REVIEW

The continuation of present inflationary trends, and of the high and oppressive level of taxation, permit no deviation from the prudent dividend policy of past years, which has been designed to strengthen our financial resources, in order to increase our efficiency and to provide for the expansion of our business and of employment. The dividend this year has accordingly been kept at the level of recent years.

During the last five years a sum of £11,000,000 has been provided for depreciation, but as the rates of depreciation allowed by the taxation authorities are today inadequate we, in common with industry generally, are obliged to pay tax on our greater provision. You will see from the directors' report that during the same period taxation has taken £16,200,000 after allowing for excess profits tax refunds, and out of the remaining taxed profits we have put to reserve a total of £10,400,000 in order mainly to meet the capital requirements of the business.

If it had not been for the ploughing back of these profits, we could not face, as we do, with confidence in ourselves and our resources, a situation so charged with uncertainties and with the menace of the ever-growing claims which the State makes upon the product of industry.

The Report was adopted.

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES

TURNOVER £10,000,000 HIGHER

THE twenty-third annual general meeting of Imperial Chemical Industries, Limited, was held on June 8 in London, the Right Hon. Lord McGowan, K.B.E., D.C.L., LL.D., the chairman, presiding. In the course of his speech, the Chairman said:

The consolidated trading results were about £4,000,000 lower in 1949 than in 1948. The main factors accounting for this were additional costs of production—including wages, raw materials, and fuel—not reflected during 1949 in increased selling prices, and a fairly sharp reduction in the export prices of some of our products to meet the competition which I forecast when I spoke to you last year. You may remember that I then said that the sellers' market had gone for nearly all products and that we should have to fight hard to keep our overseas markets and develop new ones, particularly in hard-currency areas. Gone are the days when, for many products, we were unable to produce enough for all our customers at home and overseas and had to resort to rationing of one kind or another in order to maintain a fair balance between the many different claims upon our output.

There was a time when it was possible, and, indeed, our national duty, to obtain enhanced prices for our exports, and but for the prices we received in our export markets we should not have been able to keep our home prices so low. To-day we must keep a most careful eye on our prices if we are not to lose business to keen competitors. We have not been unsuccessful, and, indeed, at £174,000,000 our turnover is £10,000,000 higher than in 1948. The total value of exports was also higher in 1949 than in 1948. In 1949 we did a larger volume of business at a smaller margin; this reduction in the margin of profits being due to both increased costs and reduced or maintained selling prices.

DEVALUATION

Devaluation of the pound sterling in September, 1949, had the effect of increasing substantially the cost of some of our raw materials, but this increase in cost was more than offset by the increased sterling proceeds of exports. Since devaluation we have been able to obtain for many products both an expansion of trade and increased sterling prices; the devaluation of the pound sterling thus resulted in an improvement in our export trade, but much of this advantage is likely to disappear to the extent that costs in Britain rise as a secondary result of devaluation.

Nevertheless, since devaluation, there has been a substantial improvement in our turnover, both at home and abroad, and I believe that with the very solid foundations upon which the Company's operations are based, we shall continue not merely to maintain but to expand our total sales. Much depends upon our ability to keep down our costs in face of the increasing burdens which manufacture in Britain has to bear, and this has our constant attention. We cannot overlook the possibility of competition from Germany and Japan.

INITIAL DEPRECIATION ALLOWANCE

As you are aware, a deduction from tax assessments is allowed of no less than 40 per cent. of new capital expenditure on plant and machinery. As a consequence of the Company's substantial capital expenditure during 1949 there is an additional income tax relief against profits of that year of no less than £2,215,000. This initial depreciation allowance, though very welcome because of the relief from current taxation which it gives, has the result of increasing the tax due in later years, because the extra depreciation allowance given initially means less depreciation for later years.

There is widespread and erroneous belief that the 40 per cent. initial allowance given in the tax assessments of companies which incur fresh capital expenditure is a substantial and permanent relief from taxation. This is far from being the case. The total depreciation allowances given against income-tax assessment cannot exceed 100 per cent. of the total cost of the assets in question and, therefore, if a larger allowance is given in the first year it follows that smaller allowances will be due in later years. Thus the tax relief or bonus for current capital expenditure is offset by the extra tax payable in later years.

We have, therefore, placed to a special tax reserve out of the 1949 profits the sum of £2,215,000; and, because in each of the three previous years our special appropriations in central obsolescence and depreciation provision had included portions set aside on account of the relief given by initial allowances, we have also transferred from that provision to this new taxation reserve the sum of £2,676,000.

PROVISION FOR OBSOLESCENCE

Another matter to which your directors have been giving special consideration is the question of the adequacy of the provisions made for depreciation and obsolescence. At to-day's level of costs the outlay which would be required to replace the company's industrial plant and buildings would be at least twice as much as the outlay when these assets were first erected or acquired. As plant becomes worn out or obsolete we shall have to face this enhanced cost of replacement. We have, therefore, been undertaking the considerable task of calculating what the replacement cost of the Company's industrial assets would be on the basis of present-day prices, and we have also been making estimates of the present lives of all our existing plants.

You will have noticed that £1,500,000 has been appropriated to the central obsolescence and depreciation provision against an appropriation of £3,000,000 for 1948. In fixing the figure at £1,500,000 we have borne in mind that in 1949 we have charged an extra £1,000,000 depreciation and obsolescence in arriving at the profits, and that we have placed to a special tax reserve the sum of £2,215,000 in respect of the immediate relief given by the initial allowances. In the past few years, as I have already said, the rather larger figures for the appropriation to the obsolescence and depreciation provision were intended to cover the tax relief in respect of initial allowances as well as obsolescence and depreciation proper. You will have noticed, too, that £500,000 has been appropriated to capital reserve and £1,000,000 to revenue reserve and that the final dividend proposed for 1949 is 7 per cent., making a total of 10 per cent., which is the same as in the past few years.

OVERSEAS ACTIVITIES

In its overseas activities the Company's fortunes are, of course, subject to all the winds of political disturbance that blow. In the sub-continent of India, for example, the tension between India and Pakistan has made conditions difficult for our Khewra factory which is in Pakistan, but near the borders of India.

In China the southward sweep of the Communist armies has meant a curtailment of our activities there.

In other parts of the world, particularly in South America, difficulties have arisen because of currency restriction and import licensing, but, generally speaking, the Company has fared reasonably well.

I am glad to say that in Australia, notwithstanding considerable industrial unrest, our subsidiary company, Imperial Chemical Industries of Australia and New Zealand, Ltd., celebrated with increased profits for 1949 the twenty-first anniversary of its incorporation. In Canada, too, our associated company, Canadian Industries, Ltd., has achieved a new level of prosperity, higher indeed than its record figures for 1948.

The negotiations announced some time ago for the purchase of a controlling interest in the share capital of Arnold Hoffman and Co., Inc., have been successfully concluded, and the Company now owns 70 per cent. of that corporation's capital. Through the organisation of this American corporation we expect to be able to develop by manufacture in the United States the results of patient research in our own laboratories in Britain, and we also expect to find new openings for the export to the United States of products manufactured in Britain.

In South Africa, our associated company, African Explosives and Chemical Industries, Ltd., the ordinary share capital of which we own jointly with De Beers Industrial Corporation, Ltd., continues to prosper and to expand.

Before leaving overseas matters I must not fail to refer to the amendment to the current Finance Bill which the Chancellor of the Exchequer intends to move with the object of giving double taxation relief, within limits upon income arising from those countries with which, for one reason or another, it has hitherto not been possible to make double taxation treaties. This step is most welcome, as the total home and overseas burden of taxation in some of those cases has been crippling—sometimes exceeding 70 per cent.—and has been having a most serious deterrent effect upon overseas trading and investment.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY of Durham. The Durham Colleges. Applications are invited for the post of Staff Tutor for Extra-Mural Classes, which will be vacant on September 1, 1950. The salary scale is £500 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to a maximum of £1,100 (with F.S.S.U. benefits and family allowances). The subjects required are one or two of the following: Economics and Industrial Relations; Sociology; Psychology. Applications should state the subject or subjects and the names of three persons to whom reference may be made and be sent not later than June 30 to the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained. S. Holgate, Secretary, 38 North Bailey, Durham.

NORFOLK Education Committee. Child Guidance Service. Applications are invited for the appointment of an Educational Psychologist. Candidates must hold a recognised honours degree in psychology and possess high qualifications in education (including actual teaching experience); they should also have had experience in the work of child psychology in schools, in a Child Guidance Centre, and in lecturing to teachers. Associate Membership of British Psychological Society will be an additional recommendation. Salary according to grade (ii) of the National Scale for Inspectors, etc., of L.E.A.'s, viz., £650—£850 (men) or £585—£680 (women). Application forms and full particulars of appointment will be forwarded on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope. Inquiries should be marked "Educational Psychologist," and all completed applications should reach the undersigned not later than June 24, 1950. W. O. Bell, Chief Education Officer, County Education Office, Stracey Rd., Norwich.

UNIVERSITY College of South Wales and Monmouthshire. Applications are invited for two posts in the Department of Economics and Social Science. (a) Assistant Lecturer in Statistics. Initial salary £450 per annum, rising to £500 and then, on completing probation, by increments, to £750. (b) Research Assistant in Economics for one year, with a possible renewal for a second year. Salary £450 per annum. Duties will include work on a scheme of research into Trends in the Economy of South Wales. Applications (six copies accompanied by the names of three referees) should reach the Registrar, University College, Cathays Park, Cardiff, not later than July 3, 1950. The Registrar will supply full particulars of both posts on application.

LONDON School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Applications are invited for appointment in October, 1950, to Lecturerships in Economics. Salary scale £450–£550 per annum, with superannuation benefits and family allowances. Candidates are invited to give in their application the names of three referees and an indication of any special interests in the field of Economics. Applications should be received not later than June 25, 1950, by the Secretary, London School of Economics, Houghton St., Aldwych, London, W.C.2, from whom further information may be obtained.

LONDON County Council.—Applications are invited from women, who are chartered librarians, for a post in the grade of Senior Library Assistant within the Education Library Services for duty at Avery Hill Training College, Eltham, S.E.9. The salary scale is £375 - £45—£550. In exceptional circumstances a commencing salary above the minimum may be authorised. The person selected will have charge of the students' library at the College and may be required to undertake such other associated duties as may be required from time to time. Application forms, obtainable from the Education Officer (Ed.), Estab. 2), The County Hall, London, S.E.1 (stamped addressed foolscap envelope necessary), should be returned not later than June 30, 1950. Canvassing disqualifies.

LONDON County Council. Applications are invited from women for appointment as Assistant Organiser of children's care work in the London County Council Education Service. The duties are largely concerned with the training of and advising voluntary workers in social work in connection with the schools and the school health service. A social science diploma or similar qualification is desirable but candidates should have had experience in practical social work. Salary £375 - £25 —£400 a year. Senior positions are normally filled by promotion. Applications for positions in the Education Officer's Department and in the Public Health Department should be made on a form which can be obtained from the Medical Officer of Health (PH.D.1), The County Hall, London, S.E.1, and should be returned by June 23, 1950. Canvassing disqualifies.

LONDON County Council. Bradstow School, Dumpton Park Drive, Broadstairs. Applications invited for post of resident headmistress. School expected to open September, 1950, for 80 ESN children, mainly girls aged 5-16, with some boys aged 5-7. Burnham group 3(S) head teacher's allowance (subject to review of Burnham scales). Furnished quarters, board and lodging free, in return for duties outside school hours. London allowance not payable. Further particulars and application form (TS10/Special) from Education Officer (TS10), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1; send stamped addressed foolscap envelope and quote name of school. Closing date June 30, 1950. (778.)

LONDON, N.W.11. Wanted, September, Froebel or similarly trained teacher for 8-9 year-old group. Ind. Recog., co-ed., prog. day school. King Alfred School, North End Rd.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

HIS Majesty's Colonial Service. A vacancy exists in the Labour Department, Hong Kong, for Male Labour Inspector Grade I. Applicants should be between 25 and 35 and should preferably hold the School Leaving Certificate. Experience in the Ministry of Labour Factory Inspectorate, or a knowledge of engineering and particularly of electrical installations, will be an additional recommendation. The selected candidate will be required for duty in connection with the inspection of factories to ensure the enforcement of Factory Ordinances. The post is permanent and pensionable subject to the satisfactory completion of an initial probationary period of 3 years. Salary is in the scale of $400-$960 a month. For purposes of exchange with sterling one Hong Kong dollar equals 1s. 3d. Point of entry to salary scale to be determined according to age, qualifications and experience. Pensionable expatriation allowance is payable at the rate of $166.67 a month on salaries from $400 to $930, and $280 a month on salaries from $931 a month upwards. A non-pensionable cost of living allowance is also payable at the rate of $305 a month on the minimum of the scale for a married officer with family. A married officer without children receives 80% of the standard allowance and an unmarried officer 60%. Further particulars and forms of application obtainable from the Director of Recruitment (Colonial Service), Sanctuary Buildings, Great Smith St., London, S.W.1.

SUDAN Government. Textbook Officer. The Ministry of Education requires a Textbook Officer aged 23 to 40 for service in the Sudan. The officer appointed will work in close co-operation with the Southern training colleges and will be responsible for the adaptation of northern syllabuses and text books for use in schools in the southern provinces of the Sudan. Candidates should hold a university degree or equivalent diploma, and have had considerable teaching experience. Experience in a teacher training college or of syllabus or textbook preparation an advantage. Appointments will be on short-term contract for a period not exceeding six years. Salary scale ranges from £E.771 per annum to £E.1,644. Commencing salary will be determined according to age, qualifications and experience, but will not exceed £E.1,065 per annum. Cost of living allowance varying between £E.142 and £E.152 per annum according to the number of dependents is at present payable, and, subject to certain limitations, an outfit allowance of £E.60 is payable on appointment. There is at present no income tax in the Sudan. Free passage on appointment. Full particulars and application form may be obtained on application to: Sudan Agent in London, Wellington House, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1. Please mark envelopes "Textbook Officer."

HEREFORDSHIRE Education Committee. Hereford Training College. Applications are invited for three posts vacant in September. Candidates should possess good qualifications in one or more of the following: Religious Knowledge, Biology, History, Educational Psychology, Sociology and Principles of Health. At least one of the posts is a senior lectureship and one will be associated with the Vice-principalship of the College. Applications for the post of lecturer in Religious Knowledge already submitted in response to an earlier advertisement will be considered in connection with this revised notice. Further particulars and application forms can be obtained from the Principal, The Training College, Hereford, to whom applications should be returned by June 24, 1950.

WEST Sussex County Council. Education Committee. Applications are invited from persons with suitable experience and qualifications for the following appointments to the Authority's Hostel for Maladjusted Children, Horsham, Sussex. The Hostel will eventually accommodate approximately 20 children. Resident Warden, at a salary of £300 per annum rising by annual increments of £15 to £400, with residential emoluments. Resident Matron, at a salary of £200 per annum rising by annual increments of £10 to £250, with residential emoluments. Experience in a similar capacity will be taken into account in assessing the commencing salary. Consideration will be given to independent applications for either appointment as well as to joint applications. Living accommodation for a married Warden would be provided at a cottage in the grounds of the Hostel. The appointments are subject to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937, and to a medical examination. Forms of application, together with particulars of duties and conditions of appointment may be obtained (on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope) from the Director of Education, County Hall, Chichester, to whom applications should be returned not later than a fortnight after the appearance of this advertisement. T. C. Hayward, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Chichester.

MANAGING Director of important petroleum and chemical concern requires young man as personal assistant based on Manchester area, but able to travel U.K. and Continent. Good knowledge Italian and French essential, some German helpful. Good salary offered. Replies to be addressed c/o Messrs. Herbert Smith & Co., 62 London Wall, E.C.2, marking envelope "Asst."

BRITISH Patent Agent firm in Calcutta requires qualified or experienced Patent Assistant and also Trade Marks Assistant. Single men preferred. Salaries according to qualifications. Write Box 795, Reynells', 44 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CHILDREN'S Welfare Officers (Women) reqd. with recognised training in social work. Good knowledge and exper. of all work connected with children away from their own homes required. Salary scale APT. I & II (£420 to £495 p.a. incl. less £10 if under 26). Estab. posts, subject to prescribed conditions of service and med. exam. Applic. forms (stmpd. add. fiscap. env.) from Children's Officer, 10 Great George St., S.W.1 (quoting H.45, N.S.), to be returned within 14 days of publication. Canvassing disqualifies.

HENLEY-on-Thames. Thamesfield Youth Association. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men or women for the following residential posts: Warden/Club Leader, £250 p.a. plus board and lodging; Cook-Housekeeper, £160 p.a. plus board and lodging. Applications will be considered for the joint appointment of husband and wife as Warden/Club Leader and Cook or for separate appointments. No application forms will be issued but further particulars may be obtained by sending stamped addressed envelopes to the Secretary, Webbs Farm, Assenden, Henley-on-Thames, Oxon.

RESIDENTIAL Centre of Education (Home Counties). Post of Assistant Director vacant September. Arts qualifications a help; organising ability and enthusiasm essential. Possible employment for wife on secretarial staff. Box 7453.

WANTED by September, Matron, energetic, capable, for Girls' Hostel in London. Must be able to manage young people, control staff, conduct correspondence, keep accounts. Salary £300 p.a. all found. Also Assistant Matron, kndge. of housework, bedmaking, cookery. Salary £200 p.a. all found. Box 7380.

ESTABLISHED progressive co-educational school in Surrey, with excellent premises and about 40 children arranged for forthcoming year, urgently requires principal to take over in September. A woman teacher is also needed for the kindergarten. Box 7561.

QUALIFIED Statistician immediately: temporary work on Anthropological material. Write Miss Clarke, Director West Indian Social Survey, 421 The White House, Albany St., London, N.W.1. (Tel. EUSton 1200.)

DIRECTOR of well-known Public Relations organisation seeks competent secretary shorthand-typist. Must be able to work on own initiative and take an active interest in work generally. Good speeds essential. Maximum starting salary £7. Box 7414.

SENIOR shorthand-typist required. Must be used to accepting responsibility. Interesting work. Salary according to experience and qualifications, but not less than £350 a year. Apply in writing only, stating age, qualifications and experience, to the General Secretary, Workers' Educational Association, Temple House, 27 Portman Square, London, W.1. Applications to be marked "Confidential."

COMPETENT shorthand-typist required. Interesting work. Wages according to trade union scale. Apply in writing only, stating age, qualifications and experience, to the General Secretary, Workers' Educational Association, Temple House, 27 Portman Square, London, W.1. Applications to be marked "Confidential."

COPY typist required for documentary work. Salary scale £3 rising to £3 15s. per week. Good working conditions. Five-day week. Five weeks' paid holiday. Apply by letter giving particulars of age, education and experience, to the Secretary, London School of Economics, Houghton St., Aldwych, W.C.2.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

TRAFFIC Manager, fully expd. all branches of travel business, linguist, valuable connections, seeks progressive position or partnership—capital available. Box 7134.

YOUNG woman seeks post. Drive, type, business training, intelligent, adaptable. Suggestions please. Box 6791.

VERY efficient lady, admin. experience, organising ability, languages, typing, seeks responsible position. Box 7001.

INTELLIGENT young woman, 21, B.A., Hons. Eng.; fluent French; typing; seeks interesting, progressive position, London/willing travel. Box 6625.

GRADUATE, 27, would like work that would enable her to live in the country. Teaching experience; domesticated. Box 6815.

LADY driver seeks occupation, pref. abroad. Expd. continental touring. Salary not essential if expenses paid. Box 6844.

CHARTERED Accountant, 36, sks. change. 13 yrs. profession, 7 commerce. Intg. and useful work as important as salary. Box 6746.

MALE undergraduate requires job. July, Aug., Sept. Go anywhere, including abroad. Knowledge of Ireland. Apply P. Robey, Eastwood, Notts.

STATISTICS Hons. grad., 23, Indian, going to U.K., sks. any post. Box 7198.

LADY (middle-aged), gen. office work, ledgers, typing, statements, invoices, not afraid of work, wd. like change. Box 6911.

INTELLIGENT (middle-aged) lady, would do housekeeping, cooking, vegetarian/otherwise, daily, no scrubbing. Box 6912.

SECRETARY, 23, requires educational or private post. Cultural interests drama, music, poetry. Box 7003.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

SECRETARY, free July, wishes post. Residential or non-residential. Box 6866.

WOMAN secretary with exec. exp., seeks post Sept. Lit. interests but not afraid hard work. Friendly atmosphere vital. Box 6808.

EXPNCD. Sh./Typist, London, needs permanently 4 hrs. work daily ex. Sat. No figures, engineering terms. Box 6958.

SCHOOLS

BADMINTON School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Sound education up to University entrance, broad interests. Apply Head Mistress.

BROOKLANDS, Crowborough 299. Pre-Prep. Nursery School. All year home. Sound Education and Training. Health excellent.

ELMTREES School, Gt. Missenden, Bucks. Co-ed., 4-12 yrs. Happy home life. Lovely surroundings. Modern education, progressive outlook, individual care.

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed.B.

PINEWOOD, Amwellbury, Herts (Ware 52) for children 4 to 14—where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. Facilities for weekly boarders. Elizabeth Strachan.

ST. TIMOTHY'S School, Dawlish, Devon. Independent Co-educational school for boarders and day scholars from five to school certificate preparation for secondary and public schools, situated in ideal surroundings. Principal, Miss S. M. Stookes, N.F.U.

THE New School, King's Langley, Herts. Non-profit-making Day and Boarding School for boys and girls from 3 to 18. Based on Rudolf Steiner principles, its aim is to enable children to face life with initiative and courage and with a well-balanced cultural background. Prospectus from Secretary. (Tel. K.L.2505.)

WALDORF School, Hampstead, private day school for boys and girls, 4 to 18. At present children up to 10 years. Rudolf Steiner methods. HAM. 4021.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. 'Phone BAY 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

A PLEASANT residential hotel for business people. Garage. Tennis court, billiards, table tennis. Terms from £3 13s. 6d. partial board, full Sundays. 45/3 Fitzjohn's Avenue, Hampstead. 'Phone HAM. 6516.

BACHELOR, 35, would let to another, large furnished room, use kitchen, in pleasant Hampstead flat, 27s. p.w. Snag—help keep kitchen half-way decent. Box 6806.

STUDENT on vacation offers very cheap room with or without meals. Also perm. accom. suit overseas visitors. Box 7155.

TWO furnished rooms, redecorated (1 large), use kitchen, bathrm., in self-contained flat, offered professional woman. 2½gns. weekly. Primrose Hill. Box 7063.

ST. John's Wood. Furnished four-roomed flat and kitchenette; use bath; own telephone. Convenient buses and tube stations. Would suit two or three friends willing to share. Write Box 7128.

BACHELOR offers to another share flat (4 rooms). N.W. London suburb. Pref. student/postgrad. Share 2½gns. incl. Box 7156.

BED-sitting room near Regent's Park: own wash-basin, H. & C., use of bath and kitchen offered student or professional worker in exchange baby sitting. Box 7214.

LINK Guest House, Stanmore, 30 min. West End. Terms from 4gns. wkly. A few vacancies immed. available. 'Phone Grimsdyke 284.

CARAVAN, Somerset farm. Sheltered. Fully eqpd. Fine view. 3½gns. Box 7142.

CARAVAN for hire July & Aug. Modern 2-berth. Sited on model farm, S. Herts, Wd. move if reqd. 2½gns. p.w. Box 7211.

COTSWOLD attic with lovely views to let furn. with board. All modn. cons. 4 mls. G.W.R. Might suit writer. Box 6835.

BRIGHTON. Furn. house to let, mid-July-Aug. 2 dble. bedrms., gdn., gas cooker & heater. £5 p.w. or exch. Cannes. Box 7045.

EXCH. sm. flat, S.W.1, for Brit./Continental seaside accom. pt. summer. Box 7351.

TRAINING Coll. lecturer and wife req. unfurn./furn. accom. easy reach Westminster; yng. son only home during vacs. Wimborne, 16 Cloyster Wood, Edgware, Middx.

WANTED, August, by young professional couple (no children), self-contained furnished flat, Kensington, Chelsea, Hampstead. Moderate rent. Box 6963.

ENGAGED 2 years: requires small unfurn. flat cent. London at low rental. Could pay small premium for fittings. Box 6915.

WANTED, S.C. Studio by lady designer, having London commission to execute, for June and July. Central. Reas. rent. Box 7217.

INDIAN Foreign Service probationer desires flat in London, July 1-Sept. 1. 1 or 2 bedrms. Mitra, Univ. College, Oxford.

HERTFORDSHIRE, within 10 m/s. Ware, unfurn./furn. flat required by young professional couple. Excellent refs. Box 6905.

PERSONAL

NEWSWOMAN, university education, good knowledge international affairs, languages incl. Russian, seeks spare-time research/other work in London. Box 6713.

DANISH schoolmaster with modern self-contd. flatlet, Copenhagen, would exchange one month (July) similar London. References. Box 6944, Polach's Advertising Agency, Copenhagen.

SWITZERLAND by private car, £6. Young couple seek 2 fellow travellers to share car expenses. Leaving England Aug. 4. Return Aug. 15. Single journey (either way) £6. Both ways £11. Box 6969.

COUPLE visiting Switzerland/Tyrol by car July 19, returning Aug. 1, invite two to share transport expenses. Box 6985.

YOUNG lady teacher desires holiday post with children, Cornwall or S. Counties. July 22-Sept. 2. 42 Charlotte Rd., B'ham 15.

AUSTRAL. girl 18½, companion (f.)/party, trip Spain, betw. Sept.-Oct. Box 7221.

LADY, private secretary, wants holiday job Aug. 5-Sept. 2. Abroad, sea or country. Any congenial work. Box 6742.

GENTLEMAN seeks male companion inexpensive Continental holidays, perhaps ruck-sack tour Alps. Box 6781.

YNG. man seeks two male companions motoring trip Venice August. Three weeks. Share expenses. Box 6827.

ELDERLY man or woman who wishes to be of happy use in any way whatever, in return for rustic cottage homelife in Kent, should write particulars to BM/BCGX, W.C.1.

THE Artist who is not satisfied with the usual monochrome photographs of his work or himself should consult John Vickers, who will gladly explain his approach to both subjects. The unconventional problem is particularly welcomed, and solved in an unconventional way. 298 Belgrave Road, S.W.1. VIC 4915.

A PERSONAL Secretarial Service. A competent and qualified lady offers complete secretarial service to private and professional persons. Authors' manuscripts a speciality. High-class work, accurately and speedily executed. Correspondence dealt with on own initiative if required. Mrs. Goodenough, 314 Park Ave., Southall, Middx.

BRITISH student wishes exch. Span.-English conversation in London. Box 6767.

RUSSIAN, German, French by professional teacher. Oral and post. Ness, 8 Flat, 102 Great Titchfield St., W.1.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8642.

INCOME Tax/Accountancy problems? Refer them to L. W. Jones, 15 Nassington Rd. N.W.3. Hampstead 6666.

INSTANTANBOUS French from a few minutes' daily play with improved Vocabulet cards. 6s. 6d. a set from Florestan Company, 30 Downside Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

RUSSIAN lessons given by Russian lady. Telephone PAD. 9610.

MATHS. for Matric, Inter, Russenjee, 2 Carlingford Rd. N.W.3. HAM. 5210. 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe. H.W. 1436.

NURSE Ollivier. Colds; Colonic irrigation; Rheumatism. MAY. 7085.

AUTHOR welcomes congenial guests seeking quiet holiday, Sussex coast. Large house and garden near beach. Excellent food, good conversation. Box 6632.

ALDEBURGH Festival hospitality offered. Private house, £1 daily. Moller, Red House, Hasse, Diss.

PAYING guest can be taken in country house, within daily reach of London. Excellent references required & given. Box 6771.

HALL for hire, Leicester Sq. WHI. 3678. Assoc. meetings, socials and dances, etc.

CANAL Cruising Co., Ltd., Stone, Staffs, have comfortable, sturdy cruisers for 2-6 people free now to July 8 & from Sept. 16.

FOREST School Camps for boys and girls aged 6½ to 18. Aug. 9 to Sept. 6, 1950. Trained staff. Apply A. R. Cobb, 38 Barton Rd. Cambridge.

WEEK-END and Summer house parties, congenial company, in England, France, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, Scandinavia, also Corsica and Majorca. Cruises in luxury yacht off English and French coasts and to Paris. Also individual rail and hotel reservations. Write/phone for details. Josephine Hall, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. HOL. 5331.

A MOTOR Tour to the French Riviera—13 days 35gns., 20 days 43gns. Choice of 5 resorts. 2 excursions incl. Dep. daily. Coastours Ltd., 72 Newman St., W.1. MUS. 8499.

PROVENCE, Riviera & Corsica; a magnificent 17-day holiday completely inclusive, £51. Luxury coach tour Italy 19 days, £68 10s. Illus. booklet. Allways, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

JUGOSLAVIA-Dalmatian Coast. Parties leaving now. Visas two days. Spectacular reductions for British tourists. Jugoslavia is our speciality and we can promise you a wonderful holiday. Full, detailed particulars by return of post. Fairways & Swinford Travel, Ltd., Department J.D., Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard Street, S.W.1 ABB. 2214/5.

PERSONAL—*continued*

WANTED, part-time teaching in drawing, painting, or lithography, Greater London area. A.R.C.A. Box 6826.

COACHING in Maths., Physics & other Engineering Subjects for Matric., B.Sc., etc. Please write Box 6790.

VERSES to order for (almost) any occasion. Moderate charges. Allan M. Laing, 19 Waverree Nook Rd. Liverpool, 15.

FREELANCE editor/writer, London, undertaking preparation of MS., layout, presentation and typography invites inquiries from publishers, educational or social organisations. Box 6612.

ACCENT and Dialect eliminated, Gladys Nyren, L.R.A.M. (Speech and Drama), 3 Austrian Mansions, N.W.3. PRI. 1369.

NATIONAL Service. The Acts still make provision for you to register as a conscientious objector. If you intend to do so, write for advice: Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., London, W.C.1.

MARIAN Naylor. Short, intensive Stage Training Course. Coaching exams., auditions. Studio Central London. WIM. 2181.

SEND now for free copy—Secrets of Successful Writing—learn how to make money by writing stories or articles for the Press. Write Premier School of Journalism, 95 Premier House, 53 Fleet St., London, E.C.4.

CHILDREN'S holidays: seaside, riding, tennis, fishing. Abundant food. Family environment. Telephone PAD. 1343 or write: 20 Gloucester Place, N.W.1.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

ACCOMMODATION exchanged. "Holiday Exchanges," Wangford, Beccles, Suffolk.

NATIONAL Union of Students Travel Dept., 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1. Our Summer Programme contains details of over 125 tours to Austria, Belgium, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Portugal, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Scotland, Switzerland and U.S.A. specially designed to cater for students' tastes and pockets. Tour fees ranging from £12, many of which include air travel without increase over third-class rail fares. International work schemes in Scandinavia, Holland, Switzerland and Yugoslavia. Student exchange schemes.

HOLIDAYS in Germany & Austria. Rhein, Black Forest, Franconia, Bavaria, Carinthia, Styria, Salzkammergut, Vorarlberg, Tyrol. 14 days incl. from 27gns. By air via Innsbruck, 14 days incl. from 40gns. For full details apply to the Shalimar Travel Agency, Ltd., 76 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1. Phone GER. 5960 and 2515.

SAILING and Camping Holiday with tuition, South Devon, August-September. Write 44 Willton Way, Letchworth.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pipewood, Anmerdhury, Herts. Elizabeth Smethen, Ware 52.

LOVELY fortnight's holiday Swiss Alps hotel, commencing July 1st or Sept. 16. Private party, £27 10s. Rackett, 8 South Drive, Middleton-on-Sea, Sussex. Tel. 2812.

AUSTRIAN Salzkammergut. Private tour, August 20-September 2. £26 incl. Dr. Beer, Norwood Technical College, S.E.27.

"CORSICA is wonderful," say holidaymakers now at the Camp de l'Horizon. They enjoyed the journey by air from England, the perfect climate, excellent food and informal atmosphere. Book now for remaining vacancies! Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. Telephone: City 7163/4.

RIVER week-end party at Tagiow, June 23-25, combined with Midsummer Dance and Austrian "Heurigen" (June 24), nr. Windsor. Enjoy yourself! Continental atmosphere, Austrian and Spanish food. Full details: Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

A WEEK in Paris. Selected hotels and a delightful programme. Small parties from London at inclusive charges. Pomfrey & Partners, Ltd., 22 Bury Place, London, W.C.1. HOLborn 4846.

TWO full weeks in Corsica, holiday camp in pines by the sea, £28 10s., travel included; or Italy £31 10s. inclusive. For details ring Club Olympique de Paris, HOL. 4846, or write Pomfrey & Partners Ltd., 22 Bury Pl., W.C.1.

IF you want a Continental holiday, not organised for the masses but individually arranged for you—book now for 1950. All European countries. Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd., 111 Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. WHItehall 4114/5.

WHERE TO STAY

PYRENEES: Franco-British family seeks friendly guests in private country house nr. Pau and mountains. Write: Mlle. Dumaut, Château Balagué, Rébénacq, B. Pyr., France.

FORGET your troubles and stay at The Manor, Duddleswell, Ashdown Forest. Phone Nutley 2.

WESTERN Lake District. Lyzen Hall Hotel, licensed, Helmrock, Cumberland. Mountains, sea, home produce; H. & C.; billiards; table tennis. Children welc. Holmrock 42.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead, Kathleen Batten's friendly hotel where you find comfort and good food in lovely surroundings. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

WHERE TO STAY—*continued*

GLORIOUS North Devon, Hartland Hotel, Woolacombe. Best position & high reputation. Children welcome. Good Devonshire food & farm produce. Write brochure. Tel. 17. Vacancies June, July, & September.

CORNISH fishing village, S.W. Rest, relax, refresh in Torrevean Private Hotel, Perthleven. Good food. Lt. Cmndr. H. C. Selby, R.N. (retd.).

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA. Superior guest house, surrounded own glorious gardens. French cuisine. Children welcomed. 4½gns. p.w. Vacancies June, July, September. "Continental," 10 Albany Rd., Hastings 4571.

BOGNOR (Pier View, Steyne), full board residence, hot and cold water every comfort & convenience. Children welcome, half price. Terms moderate. Central.

FRENCH Riviera. Lovely hotels at Nice, Cannes, Menton, Roquebrune, Beaulieu-sur-Mer, 6d. per day full board any time of year. To book, apply: Cannours, Ltd., 72 Newman St., London, W.1. Tel.: MUS. 8499.

DUBLIN'S Luxury Licensed Hotel. "The Majestic." Phones in all bedrms., ideal sit., perfect food, mod. terms. Tel. 64421-2.

WALTON-on-Naze for the ideal holiday. Bed, breakfast, £3 5s.; with high tea 33 gns. Vacancies June-Sept. Modern amenities. Near sea. "Avonell," 5 High Street.

HANOVER Hotel, Steyne, Bognor Regis. Board residence. Mod. terms. Tel. 933.

HASTINGS, St. Leonards-on-Sea. Kendal Hotel, 78 Marina; on sea front; completely modernised, H. & C. in all bedrooms. Terms 4½-7gns. (winter terms 3½-5gns.), June—all rooms 5gns. 'Phone Hastings 5110.

SWITZERLAND. Guests received by young couple in large, comfortable & delightfully situated Chalet in sunny Alpine resort. Wonderful view. Swimming, tennis, riding, climbing, fishing. Winter sports. Low terms. Illustrated brochure. C. B. Wilmer-Allinone, Chalet Bon Accueil, Château-d'Oex.

SOUTH Devon. Homely holiday accom. full bd. 10 min. sea, rr. buses. Mod. charges. Read, 5 Easton Terrace, Sidmouth, Devon.

BRIGHTON. Old and new friends welcomed at Queensbury Hotel, Regency Sq. (facing West Pier). Good food and all amenities. Full board, 5gns. from June. Brighton 235581.

LAKE District. For those who appreciate excellent cooking. Woodlands Guest House, Lakeside, via Ulverston, Lancs. Beautiful position overlooking Lake Windermere. Log fires. Home produce. Write for booklet.

HIGHFIELD Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, Keswick, offers beautiful views, comfort and friendly atmosphere. Conferences, parties catered for. Vegans welcome. Anne Horner and Beatrice Farnsworth. Tel. 308.

DEVON. Gd. accom. Finest posn. Min. sea. Gd. cen. Rec. Footenoy, Combe Martin.

WEST Sussex. Woodfold Hotel, Fernhurst, offers a holiday with excellent home-produced food, first-class comfort and secluded gardens in beautiful country unsurpassed for walking or riding. Easy access South Coast and London. Postal address and station: Haslemere, Surrey. Fernhurst 276.

DEVON. Ayshford House, Stanpford Peverell, Nr. Tiverton. Easy access either coast. Quiet holiday private house S. aspect. Gdns., orchards. Mar. 4 guests. Own stg. etc.

LAKES. Charming old mansion. Beaut. view. 40 acres grnds. Main. furn. Mod terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside. Tel. 334.

RIVINGTON Hotel. Modern amenities, gdn. prod. Eggs. Cromwell Rd., Hove 331061.

BURCOT on Thames, Oxon. Croft House Hotel. A country house on river near Oxford. Club licence; boating, tennis, archery, billiards. Station, Culham (W.R.). Tel.: Clifton Hampden 32.

SUMMER holidays: Modernised cottage Devon village. Good cooking, hot baths. Lovely walking or driving country, between Totnes and Newton Abbott. Vacancies Aug. & Sept. Terms, five guineas weekly. Box 6640.

CONWAY. Mountain & sea holiday. Apply tariff: Miskael, Bryn Dinas, Woodlands.

LLEDR Valley, Snowdonia. Picturesque house in wooded grounds, close Pont-y-Pant sta., but in unique situ. above colourful valley. Fine mountain walking. Continental type cooking. From 6gns. Bwich Bach Guest House, Dolwyddelan, Carnts. Dolw. 220.

CORNWALL. "Just as nice as Paradise & only half as far." Especially May to July. Lovely beaches, surf-bathing Polzeath, golf St. Enodoc. Fishing. 15 acres grounds. Farm produces. Interior-sprung mattresses. Trebarrock Manor, Port Isaac 234.

SUSSEX. Winchelsea, Yew Tree House. Briefly, hospitality mellow & unobtrusive, 300th Century comfort, history (and buses!) on the door step, the beauty of the Sussex countryside—all this and more awaits you. Brochure & terms on request. Tel. 223.

YEALAND Manor, nr. Carnforth. Country house in lovely setting. Modern conf. Easy reach Lakes and sea. Illustrated brochure.

HOLIDAY in Jersey. Quiet country 4 mins. from beach. Twin-bedded room (H. & C.); private sit.-room. Good chg., cream, butter, eggs. Bus passes. July 6gns., Aug. 7gns. Brook Cottage, Les Landes Hill, Gorey, Jersey.

WHERE TO STAY—*continued*

PARIS—Homely hotel, Latin Quarter. Provençal cuisine. 20s.-25s. a day. No extras. Pension Lutèce, 9 Rue Lhomond, Paris V.

THE Old Hope Anchor Hotel, Rye. Good food: soft beds; a warm hotel; radiators and hot water in every bedroom. Apply Proprietor.

SOMERSET. Thatched cott. (mod. conds.) own prod. 25-30gns. Peace, plenty. Box 7146.

PEAK District, Derbys., holiday accom., excel. walking centre. H. & C. 5 mins. rly. Gdn. Mrs. Rowbottom, The Warren, Edale.

HOLIDAYS & Honeymoons! 58 delightful hotels in Devon and Cornwall, described & recommended in "Side-a-Wyke Book." Post free, 2s. 6d. N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St. Torquay.

UPPER Thames, White Cross Country House Hotel, Wallingford, in 6 acres lovely grounds. H. & C. divan beds. Private bathing & fishing. Sailing, boating, tennis. Tel. 3155.

SWANAGE, Dorset, Vegetarian Guest House 3 mins. sea; H. & C. Brochure: Mr. & Mrs. Golding, "Waverley," 52 Park Rd. Phone 2804.

NATURIST sun-bathing holidays in sunny Devon at Britain's best Sun Club. Full facils. and mod. cons. Nudist sun and air bathing. Write (enclosing 1s.) for brochure, Sec. (C. N. Devon Club, Bayworthy, Devon. Sunbathers' Annual, listing 54 British Sun Clubs, 1s. 3d. post free.

SUSSEX. Relax in lovely country within reach sea. Comfy beds. Own produce. 3 acres. Ye Wharn Hostel, Horam (Eastbourne line). Phone: Horeham Rd. 32.

CASTLE Rock Hotel, Manaton, Devon. In own grounds overlooking sands, coves and rolling downs. 30 bedrooms. Excellent chefs. Vacancies June-July. Tel. Woolacombe 165.

ENGLISH lakes. Comfortable Guest House in delightful surroundings. Good food. Personal attention. Dawson, Birkhead, Troutbeck, Windermere.

EDINBURGH. Bed, breakfast, attractive rooms. H. & C. 16 Rothesay Pl. CRN. 4571.

CORNWALL. Small Farm Guest House has vacancies for summer months. Modern conven., good table. Apply Lawrie, Homeleigh Farm, Menadue, Polperro Road, Looe.

MISCELLANEOUS

"SE comprendre, c'est la paix." The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20, Grosvenor Place, S.W.1 for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. Phone SLO 9395.

WARSAW Club and British Polish Friendship Society, now open to members and friends. Club facilities include billiards, chess, table tennis, television, reading room, etc. Restaurant open daily from 12.30-10.30 p.m. Fully licensed bar. Applications for membership from: The Secretary, Warsaw Club, 81 Portland Place, London, W.1.

THE London Camera Exchange Co., Ltd., will purchase for cash exchange, or sell on commission, all serviceable types of Photographic and Optical Apparatus and Accessories in sound condition. Good prices allowed. Call, write or 'phone (City 4392) 55 Bucklersbury, Queen Victoria St., E.C.4. (Mins. from Bank and Mansion House.)

MEMORY: Use Mnemonicons for pianoforte, organ, study, daily routine. Apply for The Gigantic Device, 5s. Mnemo, Room 22 (N.S.N.), 3 Bloomsbury St., London, W.C.1.

HEAL'S remake and re-cover divans, box springs and mattresses, also convert mattresses into spring interior types. Write for folder "Remaking Bedding," Heal & Son, Ltd., 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.20, of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

GRAMOPHONE Records wanted. Best prices paid for second-hand records. Orchestral or vocal; classical or dance music. Foyles, 121 Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2.

CRESCENT Smoking Mixture, the famous Colchester blend, mild superior, a delightful smoke, 2s. 6d. per 4ozs., post free. Shrimpton & Cooke, Bromsgrove, Worcs.

AVOID furs got by torture; particularly ermine. Write for Fur Crusade leaflets from Major Van der Byl, 49 Tregunter Rd. London, S.W.10. Funds are needed.

WATCH Repairs by experts. New parts made. Estimates free. Full guarantee. All watches regulated on Electronic Timer. Post registered to I. Zepu, Ltd., 35 Beaumont Rd., London, S.W.5.

PRINTING with Personality. Booklets, reports, appeals. The Priory Press, Malvern. Est. 1898.

CALLING All Animal Lovers. Subscribe 10-day to the Million Shillings Fund to save our wild animals from cruel treatment. Sec. (N), League Against Cruel Sports, 58 Macdon St., London, W.1.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Insertion delayed some weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 7474.

ENTERTAINMENTS

STRATFORD-on-Avon. 1950 Shakespeare Festival. Evgs. 7.30. Mats. Wed., Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable through principal agents or Box Office, Memorial Theatre.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Evgs. (ex. Mon.), 7. Sat. & Sun., 5 & 8. "Macbeth." Members.

UNITY. "Hell is What You Make It": Last pf. Sun., June 18. "The Circling Dove" opens June 23. Ass. Mem. 2s. 6d. EUS. 5391.

FORTUNE. 7.30. Tu. & F., 2.30. Eliz. Allan, W. Crisham: "How I Wonder."

WATERGATE Theatre, 29 Buckingham St., Strand. TRA. 6261. "Never Get Out!": a new play by Giles Cooper, with Hilary Liddell and Jack Rodney, produced by Joan Heymann. Tues., June 20, till Sun., June 25, 7.30. Thu. 7s. 6d., 5s. Mem'ship 1/-.

THE Theatre Club, Crouch Hill, N.8. "An Inspector Calls," from Wed., June 21, to Sat., July 1, inclus. Members only.

PEOPLE'S Palace, Adv. 4244. Sun., June 18th, 7.30: "Lucia di Lammermoor" (A).

LONDON Film Club: Italian Institute and London Film Club presents Festival of Italian Films, June 30, July 7, 14, 21 and 28.• Five programmes of Italian films new to this country by such directors as De Sica, Castellani, Vergano, Visconti and Rossellini. Members only. Tickets and information from Secretary, 20/21 Tooks Court, Cursitor St., E.C.4.

LONDON Film Club presents a special programme in honour of the visit of Max Ophuls, including "Liebelei" and British Première of "La Ronde"—June 29. Members only. Tickets and information from Secretary, 20/21 Tooks Court, Cursitor St., E.C.4.

ASIAN Inst., Irving St., Leics. Sq. "Song of Ceylon." Thursday, June 29. Mems. & guests. Assoc. membship. 5s. WHI. 3678.

DALLAPICCOLA-Materassi, violin-piano. Janacek, Ravel, Hindemith, Zecchi, Dallapiccola. Italian Institute, Tuesday, June 20, 6.15 p.m., 39, Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Adm free.

MARGALIT Vogel. Recital by the Israeli Pianist. Wigmore Hall, Mon., June 26, at 7. Works by Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, Brahms, Debussy, Moussorgsky. Tickets: 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

MADAME Arcana presents Alexandra Hamilton, new mezzo-soprano, London Music Club, 21 Holland Park, Thursday, June 22, at 8.15 p.m.

AUSTRIAN "Heurigen" and Midsummer Dance, June 24. Tkts., including coach transport, buffet & dance, 12s. 6d. Full details: Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, S.W.7.

ALL Nations Social Club, Ltd. Dance at Caxton Hall, Westminster, Sat., June 17, 7.30-11.30. Chris Stone's Orchestra. Licensed Bar. Running Buffet. Spot prizes. Evg. dress optional. Tickets 5s. 6d. at door. Non-members welcome.

DANCE with the 77 Club. Cab Kaye and his All-coloured Band at the Royal Empire Society, Craven St., Strand. Sat., June 17, 7.30-12 p.m. Adm. 4s. Licensed bar.

W.M.A. Garden Party at 14 Kensington Square, W.8. June 24, at 2.30 p.m. Recitals by Julian Bream, Guitar; Owen Brannigan, Bass; Emmanuel Hurwitz, Violin; James Gibb, Pianoforte; Victor Mcunu, Zulu Folksongs; London Opera Ensemble. Exhibition of paintings by A.I.A. Adm. 3d.

EXHIBITIONS

BERTHE Morisot. Arts Council exhibition of Paintings and Drawings. Matthieson Gallery, 142 New Bond St., W.1. Open till June 17. Mon.-Fri., 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Adm. 1s.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. "Painters' Progress," open daily 11-6, Sundays 2-6, closed Mondays.

SLATTER Gallery, 1950 Exhibition. Important Dutch & Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1. 30 Old Bond St., W.1.

KANDINSKY Retrospective; also Mobiles by Lynn Chadwick. At Gimpel Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1.

FOYLES Art Gallery, Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2. Cloth Cuts by Joan Jordan and Paintings by Beatrice Johnson, 9-6 daily (inc. Sats.) until June 24. Adm. free.

ARCADE Gallery. The Art of Mannerism. Ital. & Flem. pictures from 1520-1620. June, 1950. Royal Arcade, 28 Old Bond St.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Paintings by Bonnard.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Ceri Richards, Gouaches by Bryan Wynter and Watercolours by Kenneth Wood. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. Degas. Paintings, Sculpture, Pastels. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq. Paintings by Bicât, Deliss, Louis James, Mulock, Alan Reynolds, Stalker. Daily 11-6, Sats. inc. until June 24.

ASIAN Institute Gallery, 17 Irving St., Leics. Sq. Exhibn. of original photographs by Lionel Wendt of People, Life & Art of Ceylon. Until July 1.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion Centenary Festival. State Apartments with Regency furniture, costumes. Open 10-7 daily & Suns.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ITALIAN Contemporary Art Book Exhibition: at the Italian Institute (39 Belgrave Square, S.W.1; Tel. SLO. 0453), from June 7 to July 15, 1950. Week-days only, Saturdays inclusive, 10-6 (Tuesdays & Fridays, 10-7). Admittance free.

CHRISTIAN Berard. Paintings and decors. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. Open till June 17. Mon.-Sat. 10-6 (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8). Adm. 1s.

ROYAL Society of British Artists. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Summer Exhibition. Including works by the late Ethel Gabain, R.B.A., 10-5. Adm. 1s.

SIX Places in Search of an Artist. Exhibition of decorative schemes presented by Hampstead Artists Council, Studio House, Rosslyn Hill, N.W.3. June 4-July 2, 12 noon to 7 p.m. daily and Sundays. Adm. 6d.

THE Zwemmer Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., Charing X Rd. W.C.2. Paintings by Kahana. 10-6, Sats. 10-1. Open until June 30.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., W.1. Pntgs. by Renato Guttuso. Pntgs. & Pottery by Catherine Yarrow. Until July 1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters of the 19th and 20th Centuries, daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

"BRITISH Empire Timbers" for Contemporary Furniture at Heals, 196 Tottenham Court Rd. W.1.

GARDEN Furniture. There is a display of garden furniture of metal, cane, elm and teak to be found at Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd. W.1.

MODERN French Art in Prints. The Little Gallery, Piccadilly Arcade. June 19-July 15.

ADAMS Gallery, 92 New Bond St., W.1. Paintings by Jo Jones. Also Gauguin, Cezanne, Renoir, Bonnard, etc. Until June 30. 10-5. Sats. 10-1.

"JAMES Joyce: His Life and Work." Exhibition of MSS., portraits, books, etc. Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17-18 Dover St., Piccadilly, W.1. 10-6 (not Suns.), June 14 to July 13. Adm. 1s. 6d., members free.

LEICESTER Galleries' Exhibitions: (1) Lucien Pissarro, (2) Derek Hill, (3) Didier Bereny. Leics. Sq., 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

INTERNATIONAL Artists' Community invites all interested to join. Exhibition of new and young artists, English and foreign, will be held shortly at 1 Oldham Rd. W.10 (LAD. 3104). Enter exhibit now.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society. Meeting and Concert, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. Friday, June 16, at 7.30 p.m. "Eye-Witness Report on Poland," by Gordon Schaffer. Chairman: William Pearson (Secy. Nat. Union of Mineworkers, Scottish Area). Music Recital: Andrezej Bielocki, tenor; Adela Kotowska, pianist. Tickets: 6d. from B.P.F.S., 81 Portland Place W.1, or at door.

BRAINS Trust on Race Relations in South Africa. 5 prominent South Africans. Question Master: Kingsley Martin. Caxton Hall, June 20, 7.30. Admission 1s. Auspices S. African Student Association.

"HOW I Would Improve Hampstead." Hampstead Artists' Council invite you to an open discussion at their premises, Studio House, corner of Rosslyn Hill and Hampstead Hill Gardens on Wed., June 21, at 8 p.m. Opening speakers: James Holland, Frank Clark. Chairman: Oswald Milne.

A MEMBER of Parliament speaks on the Week in Westminster every Monday, Caxton Hall, S.W.1. 12.45-1.30. Public Mtg. Buffet lunch. June 19, David Gammans, M.P.

MR. Victor Gollancz, just returned from abroad, will speak at 57 Eton Avenue, N.W.3, to N.W. London Peace Ctee at 8 p.m. on Wednesday, June 21, 1950.

LEEDS British Soviet Friendship Society. June 18, 2.30 p.m. Lecture Hall, Leeds Museum. Dr. E. H. S. Burhop speaks on "U.S.S.R. and Control of Atomic Energy." Questions answered. Admission 6d. at door.

LINGUISTS' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. June 24, at 6 p.m. Monsieur Jean Champion (Alliance Française): "L'Art de Molière" (avec lectures de textes).

MARIONETTES—Yesterday & To-morrow. Illustrated lecture by Professor Siegel, creator of Harro Siegel Marionettes (last seen England, 1937), Tuesday, June 27, at 7 p.m. Admission by ticket only (price 2s.), obtainable from Secretary, Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1.

WATERGATE Theatre, 29 Buckingham St. Strand. TRA 6261. Experimental reading of "Hali," a dramatic poem by G. V. Desani, produced by Martin Starkie and Bill Honeywood; commentary by the author. Mon., June 19, 8 p.m. Mems. 2s. 6d., guests 3s. 6d.

SHAW Soc. "Importance of Being Earnest" rdg., 57 Dean St., June 30, 6.45.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St. Thurs., June 22 at 8 p.m. L. Aaronson will read a selection from his unpublished poems. Chairman: J. Isaacs. Non-mems. 1s.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday meetings at 11 o'clock. June 18: Archibald Robertson, M.A., "Humanism and Theism." Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

PERSONALIST Group. Morwenna Donnelly on "The Philosophy of Sri Aurobindo," Thurs., June 22, Conway Hall, 7.30.

"JAMES Joyce and His Dublin Background." Lecture by Patricia Hutchins. 5.45 p.m., Friday, June 23, in the Exhibition, Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17-18, Dover St., Piccadilly, W.1.

NOMADS Club, 12 Great Newport Street, W.C.1. "Psychology." Lecture by Dr. Bier, Thursday, June 22, 7.45 p.m. Visitors by admission.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St. Public lecture Wed., June 21, 6.30. Buddhism Applied (4). The Opposites and the Intuition. Mr. T. Christmas Humphreys.

SWAMI Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, Thurs., June 22, 7.30: The Atman (Self)—Its Bondage and Freedom.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welc. June 18: The Compassionate Heart.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

INSTITUTE of Public Administration. Holiday Conference at Belfast from September 7 to 13. "Devolution of Government." Speakers on Constitution, Administration and Finance of Northern Ireland and on Scottish, Welsh and English Regional Administration. Excursions to Dublin, Silent Valley, and Giant's Causeway. Receptions by Lord Mayor of Belfast and Vice-Chancellor of Queen's University, evening party at Stormont as guests of Northern Ireland Government. Fees (including accommodation and all meals, exclusive of excursions): £7 7s. Applications to: The Director, I.P.A., 76a New Cavendish St., W.1.

PART-Time Courses in Club Work with Under 14s. Two one-year part-time Courses, one day and one evening, will begin in London in September, including Child Psychology, specialised activities and theory and practice of Club work. Full particulars from Miss Tuffley, Org. Sec., National Under 14's Council, 5 Tavistock Place, W.C.1. (Dept. B.)

CIVIL Service Examinations. (Admin., Exec. Departmental & Exec. grades). Expert preparation by tutorials & discussion groups. Special intensive course June 20-30. Also individual tuition for other examinations, and secretarial training courses. Apply Duvies's, 54 Hyde Park Gate, S.W.7. WES. 6564.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students accepted. Social amenities. Apply to J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd. N.W.3. Ham. 5986.

HOME Study for Degrees, etc. Postal tuition for London Matric., Spec. Ent., B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ.; Sch. Cert., H.S.C. Low fees. Prosp. from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH93, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

MAYFAIR Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., W.1, and Park Lane, W.1, provides training for High Grade Secretarial posts and has few vacancies left for 1950/1.

THE Isobel Cripps Centre teaches the conscious elimination of faulty postural habits and over-tension by a method of proved value in many states of physical ill-health and psychological disorder. Doctors' and teachers' enquiries specially welcome. 18 Lansdowne Rd. W.11. Tel.: Park 7222.

FRENCH, German, Italian or Spanish one-year courses for beginners and all grades commencing in Sept. Vacancies now available for the most intensive linguistic training in daily Classes. Write for Prospectus (free): Schwarz Language Tuition Centre, Ltd., 10 Portman St., Marble Arch, W.1. MAY. 4640.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

FABIAN Summer Schools. July 29-August 5, Courteenhall House, Roade, Northants. "Labour in Britain and the United States." The Rt. Hon. Hugh Gaitskell, M.P., Allan Flanders, Norman Mackenzie, Rita Hinden. Director: Arthur Skeffington. Charges: £6 to £6 10s. August 19-26, Frensham Heights, Farnham, Surrey. "Labour's Appeal": Sir Frank Soskice, K.C., M.P., Barbara Castle, M.P., R. W. Williams, M.P., Harold Davies, M.P., John Diamond, M.P. Director: John Parker, M.P. Charges: £6-£6 5s. July 29-August 12. Centre Culterel de Royaumont. "Our Western Heritage"—Lionel Elvin, Tom McKitterick. Leading French Socialists. Chairman: Ian Mikardo, M.P. Charges, including travel, £24, £26, £27, £28 10s. Details: Schools Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

CULTURAL Holidays in the Tyrol. June, July, August. Combine a delightful Tyrolean Holiday in the Oetz Tal with fascinating Study Courses in German Language and Literature; Austrian History, Art, Music, Folk Lore, etc., under Faculty Members of University of Innsbruck. Inclusive charge (14 days, 21gns.; 21 days, 26gns.) covers all travel, hotels, meals, guides, lectures. Write for leaflet "1950 Summer Courses." Austria Travel Agency, 90 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

SUMMER SCHOOLS—continued

ALBRIGHTON Hall: Holiday School of Music (vocal & instrumental). August 19-Sept. 2. Directors, Joseph Lewis and Alan Bush, S.A.E. for prospectus to the W.M.A., 17 Bishops Bridge Rd., London, W.2.

THE Church Union—Church Social Action. Summer School of Sociology at Ashridge, Berkhamsted, July 24-28. "Class." "The Meaning of Class with some historical illustration." Mr. Philip Mairet. "The Transformation of Social Classes in our Time": Mr. Gordon Rattray Taylor. "The Validity of Class—or a Classless Society": Monsieur Joseph Folliet. The discussions will be summarised by the Revd. Canon C. E. Hudson. The fee, including board and lodging, will be £4 4s. Applications for membership should be sent with the registration fee of 10s. 6d. (not returnable), to Miss H. Highley, 9 Talbot Rd. Highgate, London, N.6.

WEDGWOOD Memorial College, Barlaston, North Staffs. (In association with the W.E.A., North Staffs District.) Summer courses have been arranged as follows in Trade Union subjects: July 30-August 5, Trade Unionism To-day. Sept. 10-16, Youth in Industry. September 17-23, Industrial Democracy. Tuition on all courses will be given by Oxford University tutors and lectures will be given by national Trade Union speakers. Fees: N. Staffs students, £2 10s. Others, £3 10s. (inclusive of board, residence and tuition). Some scholarships available. Further details from Secretary, Wedgwood Memorial College.

HOLIDAY Course for English and Continental Students. Lectures in Language and Literature. Good opportunity for practice in conversation. Delightful country-house on sea surrounded by pinewoods with 1/2 a mile of private beach. Entries should be for 1 or 2 months. All sports. Good & plentiful food. Sizewell Hall, Suffolk.

SUMMER holidays in France. International Course (ages 13-18) near sea & Pyrenees—1 or 2 months. July-Sept. Tuition, sports, excursions. Transfer of funds granted by B. of E. Apply: Paris English College, Paris 7e.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 137, Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3773). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

MRS. Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 4 Denmark St., W.C.2. TEM. 5230 and FRE. 8640.

PEGGY Sutton, 24, Oakley St., Chelsea, S.W.3 (F.L.A. 1493). Theses, Novels, Plays, Scripts, Letters, etc. expertly typed.

QUICK, distinctive and trustworthy copying and duplicating. Munro Typewriting Service, 29 Engel Park, London, N.W.7 (FINchley 5378).

TYPING of any description. O. Jones, 1 Crescent Rd., Caterham, Surrey. Tel. 812.

THE Hampstead Secretarial Bureau, 7-day service, plays, novels, theses. Efficient work by intelligent typists. Northcote House, Heath St., N.W.3. HAM. 3527.

DUPLICATING by expert, typed work, diagrams, drawings, etc. French/English keyboard. G. Smith, 11 London Rd. Guildford. 'Phone 4718. 1 day weekly London.

MILDRED Furst Typewriting Service. Careful work by expert typists. Personal supervision. Moderate terms. Special checking service. 267 Goldhurst Terrace, London, N.W.6. MAIda Vale 7479.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations. 24-hour duplicating service, 57 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WES. 4014.

LITERARY typing, 7 day service all MSS., (4-day emergency service for urgent work.) Dictating machine service. Duplictg., indexing, editing, proof reading, cataloguing, etc. Translns. (all languages). Qualified Secretaries at short notice. Secretarial Aunts, 34/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. HOL. 5831/Pantiles Chambers, 87 High St. Tunbridge Wells. Tel. 1255.

RANK Secretarial Service: MSS. accurately typed. Novels, theses 7 days. Careful checking. Dplctg. Translns. all langs. Mod. terms. 4 Queensborough Terrace, W.2. BAY. 8600.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15, Strand, W.C.2. All office staff—perm. and temp. Typing, Duplictg., Translations. WHI. 3501 (3 lines).

EXPERT Translator and interpreter: French, English, German both ways. Conferences, etc. FREmantle 3909.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"THE Linguist," the modern paper for modern languages. Features and articles in English, French, German, Italian, Russian and Esperanto. 1s. monthly from newsagents. Annual subscription 12s. 6d., from 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1.

"PASTEURISED Milk: A National Menace," 7d.: Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

BOOKS, second-hand, posted. Write for lists. Silverdale, 114 Newcity Rd., Glasgow.

GERMAN books: Libris, 50 Harben Rd., London, N.W.6. Pri. 6990. Books bought.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL. 7934.

HAMMERSMITH Bookshop. Books bought. Near Lyric Theatre, W.6. RIV. 6807.

More Classified Advertis. on Pages 698 and 699

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by the Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Gardens, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1; Published 1923. Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.